

# THE ACADEMY

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE & ART

No. 1765

MARCH 3, 1906

PRICE THREEPENCE

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## CONTENTS

	Page		Page
The Literary Week	195	The Drama :	
Literature :		A Close Time for the Peasants	206
An Academic Biography . . .	198	"Measure for Measure" by the	
The Aeneid in English Verse . .	199	O. U. D. S. . . . .	207
James Russell Lowell . . . . .	201	Mr. Hewlett's "Pastoral" at	
The Failure of Metaphysics . . .	202	the Court Theatre . . . . .	207
Thackeray as Journalist . . . . .	202	Fine Art :	
Napoleon on English History . . .	203	The Painter-Etchers . . . . .	208
Literary Causerie :		Music :	
The Song of the Siren . . . . .	203	The Oxford History of Music—	
Fiction . . . . .	205	IV . . . . .	208
Books Received . . . . .	213	Forthcoming Books . . . . .	210
		Correspondence . . . . .	211

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## THE LITERARY WEEK

WE remarked, the other day, that Cambridge was more prolific of comic verse than Oxford. It is also a common saying and a popular belief that all the great poets and most of the minor poets who have been at any University at all have been at Cambridge. One can only settle the point by making out a list; and as there is always room for argument as to whether certain men of letters are rightly classed as poets or not, the essential thing is to have a principle of selection which is at least fair as between the two seats of learning. We will therefore place a Scotch critic in the judgment seat, and include in our list all the Oxford and Cambridge poets who are recognised as poets in "Chambers's Cyclopædia of English Literature," and about whom the necessary educational information is there given. Most of the names will thus be those of the illustrious dead, and of the illustrious living only the seniors will be included. Such poets as Mr. Owen Seaman of Cambridge and Mr. Laurence Binyon of Oxford are omitted for that reason and for no other. Let it be added that we adopt Chambers's division into periods. And now for the lists:

## FIRST PERIOD.—The Reigns of Elizabeth and James I.

OXFORD :	CAMBRIDGE :
Daniel	Spenser
Drayton	Ben Jonson
Lodge	Phineas Fletcher
Barnfield	Nash
Sidney	Green
Wotton	Marlowe
Lyly	Beaumont
Peele	Thomas Heywood
Massinger	

## SECOND PERIOD, 1625-1689.

OXFORD :	CAMBRIDGE :
Wither	Herbert
Carew	Quarles
Lovelace	Suckling
Cartwright	Randolph
Strode	Crashaw
Davenant	Herrick
Denham	Cowley
Otway	Milton
	Marvell
	Dryden
	Nathaniel Lee

## THIRD PERIOD, 1689-1727.

OXFORD :	CAMBRIDGE :
Addison	Prior
Bramston	Garth
Tickell	Ambrose Philips

## FOURTH PERIOD, 1720-1780.

OXFORD :	CAMBRIDGE :
Young	John Byrom
Collins	Gray
Shenstone	Robert Lloyd
George, Lord Lyttelton	Churchill
Merrick	Mason
Samuel Johnson	Whitehead
Thomas Warton	Christopher Anstey
Joseph Warton	

## FIFTH PERIOD, 1780-1830.

OXFORD :	CAMBRIDGE :
William Jones	Erasmus Darwin
William Gifford	Kirke White
Bowles	Wordsworth
Southey	Coleridge
Landon	Byron
"Monk" Lewis	W. S. Rose
Shelley	
Heber	
John Wilson: ("Christopher North")	
Milman	
Thomas Haynes Bayly	
Keble	
Cary	

## SIXTH PERIOD, since 1830.

OXFORD :	CAMBRIDGE :
Hartley Coleridge	Praed
Clough	Moultrie
Matthew Arnold	Macaulay
Swinburne	Lord Houghton
Barham	Tennyson
Robert Montgomery	Lord Lytton
J. H. Newman	Trench
R. S. Hawker	Barnes
Faber	FitzGerald
Tupper	Frederick Tennyson
John Nichol	Tennyson-Turner
J. A. Symonds	Cory
Lewis Carroll	Roden Noel
Lewis Morris	F. W. H. Myers
Edwin Arnold	
William Morris	
Bridges	
Wilde	

Some poets have been omitted on the ground that they were at both Universities—Chaucer and Calverley among the number. Of the one hundred and eight names on a list composed with the strictest impartiality, fifty-nine, it will be seen, belong to Oxford and only forty-nine to Cambridge; but if we limit the competition to poets of the very highest rank Cambridge indubitably has the better of it. Suppose we imagine such a thing as a poetical Tripos. The names in the First Class would presumably be those of Spenser, Milton, Dryden, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Byron, Tennyson, Shelley, Matthew Arnold, William Morris, and Swinburne. Cambridge, that is to say, would take seven firsts to Oxford's four; and, if Oxford should claim an additional first for Landor, Cambridge would make the same claim for FitzGerald and Gray. A comparison of the periods shows, however, that the Oxford standard is improving. The last two Oxford lists are both the longest and the strongest.

The latest stage in the negotiations with regard to copyright between Russia and France is a declaration on the part of M. Witte that he recognises the existence of literary property, and intends to adhere to the principles laid down upon the subject in the convention of Berne. In nothing perhaps is the necessity for some restrictive regulations more obvious than in matters relating to translation. On the one hand no sooner does Tolstoy, or some other well-known Russian author publish a novel, than incorrect and mutilated versions of it appear all over western Europe, while Russian publishers are often restrained from undertaking a really good translation of some important foreign work, because they have no means of discovering what inferior versions may be in process of production at the hands of some thoroughly incapable denizen of the Grub Street of St. Petersburg. Thus fourteen different versions of Zola's "Débâcle" were published in Russia—a great waste, it must be admitted, of literary energy.

Beyond the fact that two rival publishing firms have in the press editions of his Diary, little notice is likely to be taken of the two hundredth anniversary of the death of John Evelyn. He had the misfortune to be a contemporary of Pepys, and his style being cold and formal, he has suffered by comparison. Yet, if the truth were known,

later-day historians have probably owed more to him than to either Pepys or Walpole. His neglect is doubtless due as much to his lack of sympathy with his environment as to anything else. The unbridled licence of Charles II.'s Court suited Pepys: it disgusted Evelyn; and it was this alienation from the life of his contemporaries that made him a Great Londoner. He interested himself in schemes for its improvement and was largely instrumental in procuring the paving of "the Hay Market about Piquillo." Dearly as he loved his garden, he seems to have loved his London more, and he has this claim on its remembrance and affection, that he discovered Grinling Gibbons. It was a momentous discovery, and if he preens himself overmuch on his perception of the talent of the man he discovered in a wretched hovel near his own house, we can forgive him. The humour of his indignation against the French "peddling woman" at the Court who found faults in Gibbons's work, "which she understood no more than an ass or a monkey," is sufficient atonement.

Even the hardened heart of Mr. Bernard Shaw would find room for praise of at least one of the amateur acting clubs—that of the St. James's Dramatic Society, which gives occasional performances at the Passmore Edwards Settlement in Tavistock Place. Last Monday, as if to rebuke the unkindness of the great man, the members gave part of their repertory—scenes from *Midsummer Night's Dream*, *Romeo and Juliet*, *Twelfth Night* and the *Paolo and Francesca* of Mr. Stephen Phillips (by special permission of Mr. George Alexander). Among the ladies who specially distinguished themselves may be mentioned the Miss Fernheads, Miss Amy Rooker, and Miss Matilda Hayes, and among the young men Mr. Charles Gadsly, Mr. William Hayes, and Mr. Frederick Stanley Smith, who at the New Stage Club and elsewhere is in constant requisition owing to his real ability for speaking poetry, an unusual gift among amateurs. The scenes were simply and tastefully mounted: the crowded house was enthusiastic, and the gate-money was devoted to the Church of St. James, of which the incumbent, Father Barber, is no less popular among his congregation than the Major Barbara of Mr. Shaw was in the Salvation Army.

It is not generally known that Alfred Domett, whose name is to be linked with that of Robert Browning in a book shortly to appear as a memorial of a strong and enduring, a tender and classic friendship, was born in Camberwell Grove, and spent his youth in scenes familiar in later years to the boyhood of an illustrious statesman. Domett attended the same school as Browning at Peckham—that in which Goldsmith had been an usher—though he did not make the poet's acquaintance then. In his twenty-second year he published a volume of verse; and a poetical contribution of his to *Blackwood's* in 1837 was thus heralded in one of its symposia by Christopher North: "Sit down, and we shall sing thee a song—by—by—Al. D.—a new name to our old ears—but he has the prime virtue of a song-writer—a heart." In the "Christmas Hymn," which appeared in *Maga* in 1837—it was reproduced, by the way, in the *Century Magazine* last December—Christopher North alludes to its "magnificent stanzas." Every one is familiar with Browning's tribute in his poem: "What's become of Waring," published in "Bells and Pomegranates" in 1842, after Domett had gone to New Zealand; but comparatively few are aware of the intensity of the great poet's regard for the man whom he addressed on his return to England after an absence of thirty years—"How happy I am that I shall see you again.—Ever, affectionately yours."

The recent triumph of Labour at the polls has directed attention to poems and songs in glorification of toil—of work and the workers; but James Macfarlan's stirring lyric—"The Lords of Labour"—has apparently been forgotten. When Thackeray heard the ode recited by

Samuel Lover at the Garrick Club in 1859 he exclaimed: "By Jove! I don't think Burns himself could have taken the wind out of this man's sails." Here is the first of its three stanzas:

They come! they come in a glorious march!  
You can hear their steam-steeds neigh  
As they dash through Skill's triumphal arch,  
Or plunge mid the dancing spray.  
Their balefires blaze in the mighty forge,  
Their life-blood throbs in the mill,  
Their lightnings shiver the gaping gorge,  
And their thunders shake the hill.  
Ho! these are the Titans of toil and trade,  
The heroes who wield no sabre;  
But mightier conquests reapeth the blade  
That is borne by the Lords of Labour.

Macfarlan, known as the Glasgow Pedler Poet, died in 1862 in his thirty-first year. Charles Dickens accepted many of his poems for *Household Words*, and his volumes, "Poems," published by William Hardwicke, Piccadilly, in 1854, and "Lyrics of Life" issued by David Bogue in 1856, have long been out of print. In "The Poet's Prayer" and "Book World" there is an elevation of thought, a breadth of knowledge and power of imagery, combined with a mastery of rhythmic melody, that give to Macfarlan a unique place among Scottish minor bards.

At the annual dinner this evening of the London Association of Press Correctors, under the presidency of Lord Montagu of Beaulieu, literature and art will be represented by, among others, Sir Richard Temple, Mr. Owen Seaman, Dr. Hermann Gollancz, Mr. G. K. Chesterton, Mr. E. F. Benson, and Professor Hubert von Herkomer, R.A. It is because Mr. Andrew Lang is not a diner-out that the proof-readers have never entertained a writer who has made some complimentary and many stinging remarks concerning the correctors of the press. Mr. Lang avers that when an author writes a difficult hand the proof-reader must have a genius for conjectural emendation. He may carry emendation too far, however, as in the case of the French author who, according to Mr. Lang, wrote that, "if any one would know Love, *il faut sortir de soi*." The proof-reader, seeing no sense in this, altered it to, "if any one would know Love, *il faut sortir le soir*."

The announcement of a new edition, in twenty volumes, of the works of Henry David Thoreau, brings to mind the fact that during his lifetime—he died in 1862—two volumes only were published—"A Week on the Concord" and "Walden." Out of an edition of one thousand copies of the first, seventy-five were given away, two hundred and twenty-five found purchasers, and the balance were returned to their originator as "unsaleable." The whole edition of "Walden" was disposed of in about three years. Lowell and Stevenson were severe in their characterisation of Thoreau. Stevenson looked at the hermit of Walden through his books instead of at the books through the man, and he lived, it should not be forgotten, to apologise for his immature judgment that Thoreau was without a "large unconscious geniality."

A plea for an exact and uniform system of classification in all public libraries was made by Mr. Mould of the Southwark Public Libraries, at the monthly meeting of the Library Association held on February 19 at the London School of Economics. Aristotle was described as the first instructor in Library practice, and the history of classification was lightly touched upon from the ancient Assyrians and Babylonians through the Middle Ages to the present time. But the reader of the paper and those who took part in the discussion confused, to some extent, what Jevons has called the classification of knowledge with the classification of books. Attention was drawn to the great diversity of the systems of classification even in the

libraries of a single borough or town. And a scheme was suggested having composite symbols of letters and numbers. The difference, one of great importance, between the classification of books and the class notation of the catalogue was touched upon, but might have received greater emphasis, as it is not at all necessary that the classification number should be that of the individual book.

The suggestion that the Library Association should "adopt" a system of classification was generally deprecated (Mr. Brown, Islington). But it was agreed that an exact system should be in use in every library. There can be no doubt that any system of close classification—and it is only the style of notation that differs in all exact schemes (Mr. Wyndham Hulme, Patent Office Library)—would be infinitely preferable to the plans still found in a number of libraries, of classifying by size; or in a few main classes without sub-divisions of any kind. The desideratum of all classification is a system which will allow of expansion in any direction, with the growth or alteration of any branch of literature. Following out the idea of co-operation exemplified in the adoption of a set of cataloguing rules to be used both here and in America, it was suggested that a system of classification should not only be general in this country, but universal.

One of the most interesting points elicited was the fact that at the Southwark libraries a universal catalogue was in the course of compilation; entries from every available source being gathered together and massed into a composite whole.

The idea of removing the remains of Corneille from the little church of St. Roche to the Pantheon was well received in Paris, but it has had to be abandoned because it has been found impossible to find which the remains are. They have become part of the dust of the crypt, and no one can trace the exact spot in which the coffin was laid. Parisian literary circles are now beginning to quote Chateaubriand: "Quel nomenclateur des ombres m'indiquerait la tombe effacée?" he exclaimed when seeking his mother's grave in order to raise a large mausoleum to her memory. And the historians are reminded that Louis Philippe was doubtful. In 1821, in his character of protector of arts and guardian of the nation's treasures, he had a tablet placed in the Eglise Saint-Roche on one of the pillars of the principal nave, inscribed with the day of the birth and of the death of Corneille.

Mr. F. R. Benson, than whom there is no more unselfish and public-spirited practitioner of the drama, has formed a scheme which he enunciated in a letter appearing lately in the *Times*. We cannot do better than print the objects of the society which he proposes to form:

1. (a) To facilitate and encourage amateur dramatic representations of plays in country villages by the villagers themselves.

(b) In schools by the scholars for purposes of education and recreation.

(c) Putting its members into communication with suitable professional artists, whenever their assistance might be desired.

(d) Acquiring a stock of scenery, dresses, and play-books, which it would let out on hire at a small fee to individual members and affiliated societies requiring same.

By some such means as outlined above it is hoped:

(a) To provide instructive and intellectual recreation for rural districts.

(b) To popularise among the English people the dramatic masterpieces of all times and countries.

(c) To assist in the revival and production of mystery, morality, lyrical, and poetical plays.

2. To form a central association in connection with the above, that should be able to assist where requested all amateur dramatic societies throughout the kingdom by

(a) Keeping records of all amateur dramatic societies and the performers.

(b) Collecting for its members information as to plays, acting versions, casts, scenery, dresses, music, etc.

(c) To encourage dramatic experiments of untried authors.

One guinea a year, Mr. Benson thinks, would be sufficient to defray expenses. All who have had the pleasure of seeing the Village Players at Hildenborough in Kent, or who had learned something of the work done in that village by Mr. Dagney Major and the enthusiastic residents, will have realised the valuable social and intellectual benefits that may result from such undertakings when wisely conducted. It may be questioned, however, whether the scope of his proposals be not too wide. Again, the good folk of Hildenborough, who succeed in pleasing with home-made drama, might find themselves sadly out of their depth in *Othello* or *Richelieu*. *Everyman*, admirably acted as it was, drew good houses; but in general a little of *Mystery* or *Morality* would go a long way. And as for the numerous company of the great unacted, their works would have a better chance in the hands of professional players. Nevertheless, Mr. Benson's scheme is worthy of the fullest discussion; the root-idea of it is sound and fertile, while it may prove necessary to lop superfluous branches.

Millet's study for *Les Glaneuses* and his drawing, *L'Enfant Malade*, lately on view at the Leicester Galleries, have been acquired for the nation.

On Tuesday and Wednesday next Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson and Hodge will sell by auction more than three hundred original drawings by Mr. Linley Sambourne, including most of his famous cartoons which have appeared in *Punch* during the last fifteen years.

Society of Arts: Arrangements for the week ending March 10, 1906. Tuesday, March 6, at 8 P.M. Colonial Section.—"Imperial Questions in the West Indies." By Sir Neville Lubbock, K.C.M.G. The Right Hon. Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal, G.C.M.G., High Commissioner for Canada, will preside. Wednesday, March 7, at 8 P.M.: Ordinary Meeting—"Art in Painting and Photography." By J. C. Dollman, A.R.W.S. David Murray, R.A., will preside.

The Dante Society, 38 Conduit Street, London, W: Syllabus of Lectures: March 7, Justin Huntly McCarthy, Esq., "The Vita Nuova as a Love Story"; Commendatore Guglielmo Marconi in the chair. April 4, Professor A. J. Butler, M.A., "Dante and the German Mystics"; Right Hon. and Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Southwark in the chair. "Dante and St. Thomas Aquinas"; Sir Hubert Jerningham, K.C.M.G., in the chair. June 13, Rev. J. F. Hogan, D.D., "The Companionship of Dante." The date of Signora Leonora Duse's promised Recital of the Episode of Francesca da Rimini will depend on the date of her next visit to England. The Society's annual dinner will take place on June 27, at the Hotel Cecil. Members should apply for tickets (7s. 6d. each) for themselves and for their guests at their earliest convenience.

The Institution of Electrical Engineers. Meeting at the Institution of Civil Engineers, Great George Street, Westminster, S.W., Thursday, March 8, 1906. Ordinary General Meeting at 8 P.M. "A New Single-Phase Commutator Motor," by V. A. Fynn, member.

Next week's number will contain the Spring Announcements Supplement.

## LITERATURE

## AN ACADEMIC BIOGRAPHY

*Henry Sidgwick. A Memoir by A. S. and E. M. S. (Macmillan, 12s. 6d. net.)*

THIS is a long and baffling Life of an extremely interesting man. The authors have accentuated a tendency recently displayed in writing the biographies of men connected with University life, which is to make the book no true study but a collection of papers and memoranda, some of which are interesting and others most trivial and irrelevant. This is casting no blame whatever on the late Professor Sidgwick. If a stenographer were to take down a conversation of any man, however eminent he might be, or if all the letters of a most gifted person were to be printed as they passed from his pen day by day, it is inevitable that, though here and there one might come across a suggestive phrase or an original thought, the impression produced by the whole would be one of commonplace. We are afraid that this is the only verdict which can be fairly arrived at with regard to the biography before us. It consists of over six hundred closely printed pages, and apparently the writers have thought it a duty to put in every document that came into their possession. It would take a considerable amount of space to demonstrate this, because it could only be done by quoting the dulllest portions of a dull book. We may give the following as a typical example of much that may be found between its covers:

... I went by the Metropolitan Railway on Monday; it is really most impressive—more so than any other “wonder of the age” that I have ever seen. In spite of the enormous expense it ought to be a great success. There is no disagreeable smell.

A good biographer would have shorn away this wool, and certainly there was material enough here to have made a striking and interesting story. Sidgwick was a man who, during the greater part of his adult life, used to adopt a text from Scripture as a kind of motto for the period. From 1861 to 1865, for instance, it was: “After the way which they call heresy, so worship I the God of my fathers,” and for four years after that it was the passage beginning: “Are not Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of Israel?” From 1869 to 1875 the text was: “Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind,” and then it changed for fifteen years to: “But this one thing I do, forgetting those things that are behind, and stretching forth unto those that are before, I press towards the mark”; and finally, as old age approached, he chose the pathetic comment: “Gather up the fragments that are left, that nothing be lost.” In connection with this it is interesting to note that, when he contemplated burial without the Church of England service, the earnest and quiet words that he wished to have said over his grave were:

Let us commend to the love of God with silent prayer the soul of a sinful man who partly tried to do his duty. It is by his wish that I say over his grave these words and no more.

Passages such as these do indeed help us to gain some vital idea of our subject. To complete the picture we cannot do better than reproduce certain descriptions of Sidgwick by men with whom he came into contact. In the course of a long communication which is just a little marred by a certain formality in the sentences, as though even on this occasion the writer could not escape his political style, Mr. Arthur Balfour says:

Of all the men I have known he was the readiest to consider every controversy and every controversialist on their merits. He never claimed authority; he never sought to impose his views; he never argued for victory; he never evaded an issue. Whether these are the qualities which best fit their possessor to found a “school” may well be doubted.

Sir Leslie Stephen gives a somewhat more illuminating account of his conversation, with the skill of one accustomed to deal with biographies:

Henry Smith, for example, who often met Sidgwick at the “Ad Eundem,” had an equal fame for good sayings; and both might be credited with unfailing urbanity, humour, quickness, and other such qualities. Their styles were nevertheless entirely different, while to point out the exact nature of the difference is beyond my powers. Smith, perhaps, excelled especially in the art of concealing a keen epigram in a voice and manner of almost excessive gentleness. Sidgwick rather startled one by sudden and unexpected combinations and arch inversions of commonplace. His skill in using his stammer was often noticed. His hearers watched and waited for the coming thought which then exploded the more effectually. Sidgwick not only conceded but eagerly promoted contributions of talk from his companions. He would wait with slightly parted lips for an answer to some inquiry, showing a keen interest which encouraged your expectation that you were about to say a good thing, and sometimes, let us hope, helped to realise the expectation. He differed from Smith—who preserved a strict reticence upon the final problems—by a readiness to discuss any question whatever, if it were welcome to his companions. He was not only perfectly frank but glad to gain enlightenment even from comparatively commonplace minds.

We need only to add a little thumb-nail sketch by Mr. A. C. Benson.

I remember once a supreme instance of his conversational powers. It was at a small dinner-party; he took in a lady whose social equipment was not great, and who was obviously ill at ease. I wondered what subject he would select. He began at once on the subject of the education of children, in the simplest way, as though he only desired information. The lady, who had a young family, became at once communicative and blithe; and what might have been a dreary business was turned into a delightful occasion.

In regard to the inner Henry Sidgwick, nothing in these pages is more eloquent than the following comment upon “In Memoriam”:

The thing most interesting to myself is the intensity of sympathy with which I have been reading *In Memoriam*. This is due, I think, to my final despair of obtaining—I mean my obtaining, for I do not yet despair as regards the human race—any adequate rational ground for believing the immortality of the soul. What has struck me most in this re-reading is (1) the absence of any originality in the thought, but also (2) the exquisite selection and fitting together of arguments in the best argumentative portions, so as to produce a kind of balanced, rhythmical fluctuation of moods. Perhaps a certain balancedness is the most distinctive characteristic of Tennyson’s mind among poets, which inclines him to the “juste milieu” in politics, and in such poems as “Love and Duty” to a sort of complex sympathy evenly divided between passion and principle.

It is curious to note such little points of touch as occur between Mr. Sidgwick and the outside world. Many interesting names just flicker in these pages, and then pass away. There is a reference to “the poison” of Carlyle, which is very suggestive. The late Mr. Huxley figures quite frequently in this book. The following is an interesting little sketch of him at one of the Society discussions in which Sidgwick seems to have been uninterruptedly engaged:

I remember that on one occasion when I had read to the Society an essay on the “Incoherence of Empiricism,” I looked forward with some little anxiety to his criticisms; and when they came, I felt that my anxiety had not been superfluous; he “went for” the weak points of my argument in half a dozen trenchant sentences, of which I shall not forget the impression. It was hard hitting, though perfectly courteous and fair.

There is a good deal of correspondence with the late Laureate, Lord Tennyson; and of another contemporary poet, Mr. Swinburne, we are told that Sidgwick saw in Rossetti’s sonnets the “missing link” between him and Christina Rossetti. Another reference is somewhat slighting:

Meanwhile we are not most of us in a humour to read a rhymed play by Swinburne; we feel we must leave that amusement to the happy Americans and Australians.

Probably Ruskin was even more “poisonous” than Carlyle, as his name does not occur in the index.

The general impression produced by the biography is an almost wistful one of scholasticism standing outside the glare and dust of life and wandering pathetically what it all means. We have avoided for the moment touching upon Sidgwick’s philosophy, as that is dealt with by itself on another page.

## THE AENEID IN ENGLISH VERSE

*The Aeneid of Virgil.* With translation by CHARLES J. BILLSON, M.A., Corpus Christi College, Oxford. 2 vols. (Arnold, 30s. net.)

YET another translation of the Aeneid, and this time into blank verse. The last attempt to achieve the same task in the same metre was made just twenty years ago by the late Canon Thornhill, of Dublin. It is remarkable that the very first specimen of blank verse in English is the translation of the first and second books of the Aeneid by the ill-fated Henry Howard Earl of Surrey (1517-1547). Many metres have been attempted by translators of Virgil, and each naturally maintains the superiority of his own. Dr. Symmonds, who early in the eighteenth century matched himself with poor success against Dryden in the use of the heroic couplet, calls blank verse "only a laborious and doubtful struggle to escape from the fangs of prose." On the other hand the rhymers quote "Hudibras":

Those who write in rhyme still make  
The one verse for the other's sake;  
For one for sense and one for rhyme  
They think sufficient at one time;

and point to Dryden's rendering of *tantaene animis caelestibus irae*, demanding whence came the second line in

Can heavenly minds such dire resentment show,  
Or exercise their spite in human woe?

We certainly prefer Mr. Billson's:

Can Heavenly hearts so unrelenting prove?

or Thornhill's:

In heavenly bosoms finds such hate its home?

On the whole, we think, Mr. Billson has chosen the best metre. No metre is a better counterpart for the flowing description, the pointed dialogue, the dignified narrative of the hexameter. In truly inspired hands it can be made quite as harmonious and alluring as the best couplets. The present writer knew by heart Tennyson's "Tears, idle tears" for years before it struck him that it was blank verse. But how few can make blank versing! Not one for ten who can give us musical couplets. We must own that we have not yet met a blank verse rendering of the Aeneid, which comes near to being comparable with the blank verse of Shakespeare, Milton, Wordsworth, Shelley, Tennyson, Swinburne. Thornhill tries hard to ride a horse with wings, but the metre in his hands pins him to the earth, and this is still truer of Mr. Billson. Let us compare Juno's speech, Aen. i. 36-48, in the version of each. Thornhill's, which is spirited but exaggerated, runs thus:

Ha! baffled must I yield,  
Nor power be mine to keep from Italy  
This hated Prince of Troy? The Fates forsooth  
Say nay: but what, had Pallas power to burn  
That Argive fleet and drown the crews to boot  
All for mad Ajax' single guilt and crime?  
Yea, from the clouds her daring right hand launch'd  
Jove's volley'd bolts, scatter'd their navies wide,  
With storm up tore the main, and him, the wretch—  
His thunder-riven breast forth panting flame—  
Borne in the blast away and smitten home,  
Impaled upon a jag of splinter'd rock;  
While I who queen it through the courts of heaven,  
Sister and wife of Jove, with one poor clan  
For years sans count still wage my bootless wars.

Mr. Billson certainly does not exaggerate the tone:

Am I to own defeat?  
Not turn from Italy this Prince of Troy?  
The Fates forbid me! Could not Pallas burn  
The Argive fleets and drown them in the deep  
For one man's guilt, the madness Ajax wrought?  
She, from the clouds down-flinging Jove's own fire,  
Shatter'd their ships and blew the waters high,  
Him caught in whirlwind, and his cloven breast  
Fix'd on the pointed rock, outbreathing flames.  
Yet I, Jove's Wife and Sister, I who move  
The Queen of Gods, so many years make war  
On one poor race.

While Thornhill makes a somewhat unsuccessful attempt to soar, Mr. Billson contentedly creeps. But "queen it" is very good for *incedo regina*—far better too than Sir C. Bowen's:

I, who in high heaven move as a queen,

or Conington's:

I, who through heaven its mistress move,

or Morris's:

I, who go for the queen of the Gods.

We will now give a fine passage, iv. 590-629 (omitting 607-620), in Mr. Billson's version, then in two rhyming renderings, and in Thornhill's blank verse:

Dear God! she cries,  
And shall he go and flout my kingdom thus?  
No arms leap out, not all my city chase  
And drag the ships from dock? Go! Fetch me quick  
Firebrands; bring arms! ply oars!—What words are these?  
Where am I? O, what madness turns my wit?  
Unhappy Dido, now thy guilt comes home  
Too late, thy crown once shared. So loyal proved  
This famous saviour of his country's gods!  
This famous son who bore his ageworn sire!  
O, might I not have torn him limb from limb,  
To strew the sea, and slain his friends, aye, slain  
His son, and served him for the father's meat?  
Such strife had doubtful issue? Yea, but who  
Could daunt me dying? Brands I should have borne,  
And fill'd his decks with flame, burn'd son and sire,  
With all their kin, and slain myself the last!

So be it! This last word with my blood I shed.  
Thenceforth, O Tyrians, all his seed pursue  
With hatred! To my ashes grant this boon!  
No love, no league between you. From my bones,  
Avenger, rise; and chase with fire and sword  
The intruding Dardans, now, hereafter, yea,  
Whenever power is thine! May shore to shore  
Be adverse, sea to sea, and sword to sword,  
For fathers and for children endless war.

Here we have a great many marks of interjection but very little real elevation when compared with the sublime original. Yet it must be owned that it is very literal, quite correct, and gives line for line. It is, we suppose, to emphasise this linear fidelity that Mr. Billson has gone to the expense of printing the whole of the Latin poem on the opposite page, in his two very handsome and well brought out volumes. We now present Morris:

Ah, Jove! and is he gone?  
And shall a very stranger mock the lordship I have won?  
Why arm they not? Why gather not from all the town in chase?  
Ho ye! Why run ye not the ships down from their standing place?  
Quick, bring the fire! shake out the sails! hard on the oars to sea!  
What words are these? Or where am I? What madness changeth  
me?  
Unhappy Dido! now at last thine evil deed strikes home.  
Ah, better when thou mad'st him lord—lo whereunto are come  
His faith and troth who erst, they say, his country's house-gods held,  
The while he took upon his back his father spent with eld?  
Why! might not I have shred him up and scattered him piecemeal  
About the sea, and slain his friends, his very son, with steel,  
Ascanius on his father's board for dainty meat to lay?  
But doubtful, say ye, were the fate of battle? Yea, O yea!  
What might I fear, who was to die—if I had borne the fire  
Among their camp, and filled his decks with flame, and son and sire  
Quenched with their whole folk, and myself had cast upon it all!

Lo this I pray, this last of words forth with my blood I pour,  
And ye, O Tyrians, 'gainst his race that is, and is to be,  
Feed full your hate! When I am dead send down this gift to me:  
No love betwixt the peoples twain, no troth for anything!  
And thou, Avenger of my wrongs, from my dead bones outspring,  
To bear the fire and the sword o'er Dardan-peopled earth  
Now or hereafter; whensoever the day brings might to birth.  
I pray the shore against the shore, the sea against the sea,  
The sword 'gainst sword—fight ye that are, and ye that are to be!

Put beside this the version of Sir C. Bowen, which, in its plain, manly, straightforward vigour, affords a strong contrast to the artificial simplicity of Morris's verses, and would, indeed, be in many respects adequate, except for the metre:

Father of Earth and of Heaven! and shall this stranger, she cries,  
Wend on his treacherous way, flout Dido's realm as he flies?  
Leaps no sword from the scabbard? Is Tyre not yet on his trail?  
None of ye warping the ships from the dockyards, hoisting the sail?  
Forth with the flame and the arrow! To sea and belabour the main!  
Ah, wild words! Is it Dido? Has madness troubled her brain?  
Ah, too late, poor Dido! The sin comes home to thee now!  
Then was the hour to consider, when thou wast crowning his brow.  
Look ye! The faith and honour of him who still, as they say,  
Carries on shipboard with him his Trojan gods on the way!  
Bore on his shoulders his aged sire! Ah, had I not force  
Limb from limb to have torn him, and piecemeal scattered his corse  
Over the seas? His crews to have slain, and, banquet of joy,  
Served on the father's table the flesh of Iulus the boy?  
Even were chance in the battle unequal—death was at hand.  
Whom had Dido to fear? I had borne to his vessels the brand,  
Filled with flames each deck, each hold—child, people, and sire  
Whelmed in a blazing ruin, and flung myself on the pyre!

This last prayer as my life ebbs forth I pour with my blood;  
Let not thy hatred sleep, my Tyre, to the Teucric brood:  
Lay on the tomb of Dido for funeral offering this!  
Neither be love nor league to unite my people and his!  
Rise! thou Nameless Avenger from Dido's ashes to come,  
Follow with fire and slaughter the false Dardanians home!  
Smite them to-day, hereafter, through ages yet unexplored,  
Long as thy strength sustains thee, and fingers cling to the sword!  
Sea upon sea wage battle forever! Shore upon shore,  
Spear upon spear! To the sires and children strife evermore!

The same passage as translated by Canon Thornhill well illustrates the extreme vigour of his work, whilst it labours under the characteristic defect of diffuseness:

Shall he then go? Go, and our kingdom left  
Insulted, mocked, to point a rover's scoff!  
What, lieges, ho!—Will they not arm and out,  
All Carthage, quick? Not chase the faithless foe?  
Nor pluck those laggard vessels from the docks?  
Away! forth fire and sword! ply sail and oar!  
Yet hold; what words are these? where, what this place?  
What madness whirls my brain? Ah, wretched queen,  
Needs guilty deed to touch thy dainty sense?  
Late wail'd what's done; wise hadst thou rued in time,  
When heart and sceptre at thy giving lay.  
Mirror of knighthood's truth! and this is he,  
The world-famed prince that ever with him bears  
His country's gods about! the model son,  
Who on his back did safe from foes bear off  
The helpless burden of his aged sire!  
Might not this hand—fool, to forbear the deed!—  
Have shred his mangled carcase to the waves,  
Slain friends and followers, yea, done to death  
Ascanius' self, and at the father's board  
Have served him up his murdered boy to boot?  
True, 't were to fight at risk; but what of that?  
Self-doom'd to death, whom—what—had I to fear?  
No; I had fired their fleet, each gangway filled,  
And, smothering deck with flame, slain sire and son,  
With all the cursed brood extinct, and crowned  
The blazing ruin with myself and mine!

Such wish take he from me, this parting curse  
Here with my streaming blood to Heaven I pour,  
Then, Tyrians, you with endless feud still vex  
His seed, breed, kind—yea, all shall ever trace  
His traitor line; with this meet tribute still  
Present your Dido's tomb. Be love nor league  
Your hostile realms betwixt! O from our dust—  
Hear, righteous Heaven, the prayer!—some Champion start,  
Some bold Avenger, doomed with fire and sword  
To hunt those Trojan vagrants through the world,  
Be it to-day, to-morrow, or when'er;  
No time unmeet shall will and means supply;  
Fight shore with shore opposed, wave fight with wave,  
Fight all—who—what—or are, or e'er shall be!

It will be noticed that while the Latin, Morris and Mr. Billson have twenty-five lines, Bowen has twenty-eight, Thornhill no less than forty-one. We will take one more passage from the fourth book, Dido's denunciation of Aeneas, 365-380, and then compare Thornhill and Conington:

No Goddess bore thee! Thine no Dardan stock!  
Traitor! The flinty peaks of Caucasus  
Got thee, Hyrcanian tigers gave thee suck!  
Why should I mask myself? Why wait for more?  
When hath he sighed, or look'd upon my tears?  
When hath he wept, or pitied her who loved?  
Where should my charge begin? Not Juno now,  
Not Father Jove now looks with righteous eyes.

No faith is sure! Wreck'd, starved, I bade him hail,  
Madly with him I shared my realm; I found  
His missing ships; I saved his friends from death.  
Ah, Furies burn me! Now Apollo calls,  
Now Lycia bids! Now, sent by Jove himself,  
Comes the Gods' Herald with his mandate harsh.  
What work for Gods! What care to vex their calm!  
I hold thee not; I answer not. Away!

Thornhill is far more vigorous in Dido's fierce denunciation of her faithless lover:

Nor goddess gave thee birth, false-hearted wretch,  
Nor Dardanus thy miscreant kind begot,  
But thou from flinty Caucasus wast hewn,  
Congenial grain! and tigers gave thee suck.  
Yes, why mince words, and wait for baser wrong?  
What! see me weep, nor heave one kindly sigh!  
Moved he those eyes? shed he one answering tear?  
Yea, was e'en pity to my pangs denied?  
But why note this or that, or how award  
The palm for worst where barbarous all alike?  
Ay me! not man alone—not Juno now,  
Nor Jove himself, hath ruth of wretches' wrong!  
Yes, yes; no trusting more of Earth or Heaven.  
This ingrate I, what time our angry waves  
Flung out the needy waif upon these shores,  
Not housed alone and fed, but bade him share—  
Ah, fool!—my throne and state, and snatched withal  
His shattered barks and starving crews from death.  
Ha! that way madness lies—my brain's afire!  
'Tis Phoebus now—'tis now some Lycian seer—  
Anon—and special sent of Jove himself—  
E'en Heaven's own herald cleaves his airy way  
To bear the dread command. Yes, fitting task,  
Belike, for god's employ! such cares—'tis apt!—  
Must ruffle Heaven's repose! But I, good sooth,  
Nor court thy stay nor deign thy lies refute.

This very spirited rendering of the Dublin scholar is, it must be owned, affluent to diffuseness, containing ten lines more than the Latin, and it will be noticed that there is a heightening of the tone which almost amounts to exaggeration. "Wretch," "miscreant," "barbarous," are not in the Latin, and *dicta* is not *lies*; on the other hand, "that way madness lies" is very happily adopted from *King Lear*. Conington, with his shorter measure, uses one line less. I quote his rendering to show that, with all his skill, in a really impassioned passage his ambling metre drags him down:

No goddess bore thee, traitorous man:  
No Dardanus your race began;  
No; 'twas from Caucasus you sprung,  
And tigers nursed you with their young.  
Why longer wear the mask, as though  
I waited for some heavier blow?  
Heaved he one sigh at tears of mine?  
Moved he those hard impassive eyes?  
Did one kind drop of pity fall  
At thought of her who gave him all?  
What first, what last? Now, now I know  
Queen Juno's self has turned my foe:  
Not e'en Saturnian Jove is just:  
No faith on earth, in heaven no trust.  
A shipwrecked wanderer up and down,  
I made him share my home, my crown:  
His shattered fleet, his needy crew  
From fire and famine's jaws I drew.  
Ah, Furies whirl me! now divine  
Apollo, now the Lycian shrine,  
Now Heaven's own herald comes, to bear  
His grisly mandate through the air!  
Aye, gods above ply tasks like these;  
Such cares disturb their life of ease.—  
I loathe your person, scorn your pleas.

An absolutely literal rendering is certainly helped by rhyme. Compare, for instance, Mr. Billson, i. 128, 129:

*Disiectam Aeneae toto videt aequore classem,  
Fluctibus oppressos Troas caelique ruina,*

Strewn o'er the sea he saw Aeneas' fleet  
He saw the Trojans spent with wind and wave,

with Bowen's:

Far on the watery waste he beheld Troy's company driven,  
Trojans crush'd by the waves and the wrack and ruin of heaven.

Again, in ii, 353, 354, compare :

To death! And charge with me on serried arms! :  
One chance the conquer'd have, to hope for none,

and

Come let us perish, and charge to the heart of the enemies' line,  
One hope only remains for the conquer'd—hope to resign.

We think we have shown sufficiently that Mr. Billson's muse is not such as can dispense with the embellishment of rhyme. A translator who aims only at reproducing the literal meaning of the words may quite fail to reproduce the spirit, and may not bring the reader at all as near to the original as the prose translations of Conington and Mackail. The late Archbishop Trench well said :

Words are enclosures from the great outfield of meaning; but different languages have enclosed on different schemes, and words in different languages which are precisely coextensive with one another are much rarer than we incuriously assume.

Hence paraphrase, expansion, compression (even to some slight extent omission and interpolation), are sometimes requisite to give a more real and faithful impression of a great original than could be obtained from literal reproduction of the very words, clause by clause, and line by line. Our last chance of a really great blank verse Aeneid disappeared when Tennyson died.

For one thing Mr. Billson is to be commended. While all other translators elaborately defend the metre they have employed, he has not a syllable of foreword save "Dedicated to my daughter Camilla."

R. Y. TYRRELL.

### JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

*James Russell Lowell, his Life and Work.* By FERRIS GREENSLET. With illustrations. (Constable, 6s. net.)

No consistent Tariff Reformer ought to admit this book to his house, for it is a clear case of "dumping." Not only are both writer and subject Americans, but the printing and spelling, and for aught we know the binding, are American too. Now, we do not complain of this; indeed, it is really appropriate, for Lowell himself was never more of a citizen of the world than a good American has any business to be, patriotically considered. What we do complain of, and that very strongly, is Mr. Ferris Greenslet's patriotically American style. Some of Lowell certainly belongs to us—"What? Lowell an alien! Fiddlededee!" as *Punch* sang on a famous occasion—and he should not be celebrated in a manner of writing which must make Englishmen "stare and gasp," and can hardly, one would suppose, really please Mr. Greenslet's compatriots.

It is dreadful to picture to oneself Lowell's own feelings if he were to return to earth and were to employ his time, or some of it, in reading this curious production. How would he like to read of the things that "elemented" his his own personality: to learn that "in a small circle of congenial friends he was a perfect master of the conversational instrument"; that he "could talk in paragraphs, patiently endeavoring to thread the difficult needle of truth"; that "the one irreducible factor in his equation was an irrepressible whimsicality of a kind more often found in low-voltage men than in men of Lowell's grade of power"; that Oliver Wendell Holmes expressed his view of him "with an almost lapidary concision"; and, what is perhaps most horrifying of all, how would he like to read of his "excursions into the field of what may be called *applied poetry*"? "Applied poetry"! Neither "The Biglow Papers" nor anything else "may" be called by a name so detestable. Shall all-conquering science be allowed to annex with her metaphors the fair kingdom of literature? Her own sons, we believe, will gladly join in our protest against such phrases as "applied poetry," for Mr. Greenslet is not nowadays a solitary offender.

There is this to be urged in our author's defence, though it may to some minds only enhance his enormities,

namely that he does not behave in this way always, or even very often. You may read several pages of him which, if marked by no distinction of style, are nevertheless full of interesting and well-delivered information; and then suddenly you are stricken down by such a passage as this:

*Savory* is perhaps the best word wherewith to describe the quality of Lowell's prose style. . . . The defect of this quality was that Lowell lacked quite the "choiceful sense" to make it constantly effective. He was capricious in this as in everything else. Sometimes the breezy vocab was too breezy, and blew the decent draperies of convention about too wantonly, sometimes the prodigious sesquipedalian was too obviously dragged in by its inky heels.

Can it be that Mr. Greenslet is a low-voltage man, and that his "thusness" is due to an irrepressible whimsicality? In any case, we are very sure that he would do well to have his voltage raised by some skilled literary electrician, or perhaps we should say electric *littérateur*; for his peculiar style is like to lose him many readers, and that he does not fairly deserve. Yet who could be blamed for throwing the book away, or giving it to a Carnegie library, on encountering, before a seventh part of the work has been read, such a sentence as this, descriptive of the Transcendental period in America: "No brain but had its private maggot, which must have found pitifully short commons sometimes"? The image is disgusting and the conceit is unscientific, for wise persons have no monopoly of large-sized brains.

We are sorry to write in this strain, for the idea with which Mr. Greenslet started is a good one. He proposed to make Lowell, as far as possible, tell his own story by fashioning, so to speak, a mosaic of extracts from his letters and other writings, as well as the recorded impressions and reminiscences of others. He has carried out this plan with care and intelligence, and an evident affection for his subject; it is the more surprising, therefore, that a man who is steeped in Lowell should on occasion himself write so vilely. A book on these lines—a kind of sublimated essence of Charles Eliot Norton, Horace Scudder, and F. H. Underwood, varied with dashes of Howells, Henry James, Dr. E. E. Hale, and other friends—would be read in this country. Whether, as Mr. Greenslet confidently announces, Lowell was "the first true American Man of Letters," he will always be read in America; but on this side he has already begun to be neglected, even by people who, if they did read him, would be astonished to discover him so "full of quotations." Such people will often read and re-read a little book when they will not go to the originals, and it is better to know Lowell out of a little book than not at all. That is why we particularly regret Mr. Greenslet's unfortunate lapses in style. We do thank him cordially for a very good index. He gives no bibliography of Lowell because an exhaustive one is being prepared by Mr. George Willis Cooke. There is a little new "material," including two letters to Mr. F. J. Garrison about corrections in "Endymion" which show Lowell to have been curiously fastidious and even meticulous in his old age, together with—most interesting of all from a literary standpoint—a portion of a fine poem addressed by Emerson to Lowell on the celebration of the latter's fortieth birthday by the Saturday Club. We may fitly conclude by quoting a few lines:

Man of marrow, man of mark,  
Virtue lodged in sinew stark

Most at home in mounting fun,  
Broadest joke and luckiest pun,  
Masking in the mantling tones  
Of a rich laughter-loving voice  
In speeding troops of social joys,  
And in volleys of wild mirth,  
Purer metal, rarest worth,  
Logic, passion, cordial zeal  
Such as bard and martyr feel.

But, if another temper come,  
If on the sun shall creep a  
gloom,

A time and tide more exigent,  
When the old mounds are torn  
and rent,  
More proud, more stormy com-  
petitors  
Marshal the list for emperors—  
Then the pleasant bard will  
know  
To put the frolic masque behind  
him  
Like an old familiar cloak,  
And in sky-born mail to bind him,  
And single-handed cope with  
Time,  
And parry and deal the Thunder-  
stroke.

## THE FAILURE OF METAPHYSICS

*The Philosophy of Kant and other Lectures.* By the late HENRY SIDGWICK, Knightbridge Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Cambridge. (Macmillan, 10s. net.)

It is said to have been Henry Sidgwick who taught Mr. Balfour to doubt philosophically. He was capable of teaching it to any man who did not prefer to doubt unphilosophically; and one may truthfully say of him—what Whewell said of Edward FitzGerald—that he passed his life as “a prisoner in Doubting Castle.” The doubts expressed in these posthumous essays relate chiefly to the philosophical systems of Kant, T. H. Green, and Herbert Spencer; Sidgwick assailing each of them in turn in a style which suggests Sir Edward Clarke cross-examining a difficult witness. Like Sir Edward, he always seems to get the best of it, though he has an advantage over the great advocate in the fact that the difficult witness is not actually present to spring awkward surprises upon his cross-examiner. A critical scrutiny of the destructive arguments which he employs is impossible within the limits of our space. It must suffice to say that most of them seem deadly enough to leave any student of metaphysics, whose standpoint is that not of a master but of a disciple, wondering: If he cannot lean upon any of these three great teachers, on whom will it be possible for him to lean? In Sidgwick's own writings, at any rate, there is nothing to lean upon. He knows it, and makes no pretences, seeming to be a metaphysician by accident rather than by inclination. He pulls down, but does not build anything on the space he clears. We are not surprised to learn, as we do from a chapter in the *Memoirs* of the late F. W. H. Myers, that, when he sought knowledge of matters beyond the ordinary ken of the scientific observer, he knew no better way of pursuing it than to apply experimental methods to phantasmological research.

Perhaps, however, there is one positive conclusion deducible from Sidgwick's Lectures, though it is nowhere formally drawn by the lecturer. It is nothing less than the conclusion expressed in the familiar and vulgar saying that “when one fellow talks about what he doesn't understand to another fellow who doesn't understand him, that is metaphysics.” To put it more properly and precisely: Metaphysics fails, and must fail, to progress because there exists no language in which any metaphysical philosopher can so state his propositions that any other metaphysical philosopher can be absolutely certain of his meaning. That is the difference between the easiest metaphysics and the most difficult science. When Sir Oliver Lodge talks about radium or electrons, he may seem obscure to the average reader of the newspapers, but there is no danger of his being misinterpreted by Sir William Ramsay. An electron is an electron to a physicist, as surely as a primrose was a primrose to Peter Bell. The technical language of metaphysics is much more vague and indefinite. You cannot even trust two metaphysicians to use simple words like “objectivity” or “externality” in precisely the same sense. Their attitude towards each other's systems too frequently recalls the Duke of Devonshire's famous exclamation at the beginning of the Home Rule Question: “Mr. Gladstone does not mean what I mean.” It was, as is well known, on these grounds that Herbert Spencer neglected to reply to certain neo-Hegelian attacks on his philosophy. He did not reply to them, he said, because he could not understand them. Sidgwick, now as always, approaches all the systems, including that of Spencer, in a somewhat similar spirit, though he carries analysis further. His method is to select a sentence which apparently contains the clue to a system, and show that it is capable of conveying at least two or three different meanings, and that, even to the writer of it, it evidently meant different things at different times. Under the steady application of the process, one certainty after another seems to melt away. It is admirably done, and furnishes excellent reading to those who delight in

dialectics; but to those who thought that they had firm ground under their feet because, for instance, Green had bridged the gulf between ethics and metaphysics, it must be terribly disconcerting. A few of them may continue to cling vaguely to some vague metaphysics of their own, while admitting their inability to express their conceptions in any form of words capable of withstanding Sidgwick's Old Bailey methods. We can picture others, unable to endure the pain of a suspended judgment, feeling that there is nothing for it but to fly for refuge to the confident dogmas of Catholicism or the persuasive visions of Theosophy; while Mr. Balfour, as all the world knows, finds his way out in the argument that, as there is no certainty anywhere, there can be nothing unreasonable in the assumption of the truth of the doctrines of the Church of England as by law established.

## THACKERAY AS JOURNALIST

*The New Sketch Book.* By W. M. THACKERAY. Edited, with an Introduction, by ROBERT S. GARNETT. (Alston Rivers, 7s. 6d. net.)

AMONG the petty maxims that one constantly hears repeated in literary circles, few are more untrue than the statement that journalism is fatal to literature. The recourse of the indolent has always been to vague generalisations of this kind, but it is surprising that the example of Thackeray has not been more frequently quoted to show the fallacy of this deliverance. Thackeray was the journalist *par excellence*. No one who has read the inimitable picture of him drawn by Edward FitzGerald is likely to forget the busy and buoyant Thackeray writing to some half-dozen journals at one and the same time and finding stimulation in the very act, and that was probably the happiest time of Thackeray's life. Later, when he became editor of the *Cornhill*, the everlasting reading of manuscripts soon began to age him before his time, and the delight of composing his books was considerably reduced by the heart-breaking labour and thought that were entailed. For it must be remembered that Thackeray was never a glib and fluent writer. Whether doing articles for the press or composing a chapter in his novel like that in “*Vanity Fair*” after which he came down and, slapping his thigh with his hand, said: “By God! that's genius,” he was always slow and painstaking with his pen. Probably to that fact is due the excellence of the literary style to which he attained. His work too, even when fished out of the most unexpected quarters, is always interesting. In a general way we have very little sympathy with those who rummage about in the files of magazines and newspapers in order to obtain stuff that the author in his life-time did not care to preserve. As a rule, this objection applies with particular force in the case of one who was a journalist, as it is probable that the necessities of his occupation forced him to turn out a great amount of work that had not and was never meant to have any permanent value. But Thackeray is so good that to him the general rule does not apply. Every student of his work will find much to delight him in these sketches, most of which appeared in *The Foreign Quarterly Review* at a time when the new editor had come to the conclusion that it required to be conducted on more popular lines. The book consists of essays on Victor Hugo's book on the Rhine, the German in England, Alexandre Dumas, Balzac, Sue and other writers whose works were appearing at the time. That the stuff is genuine Thackeray is best proved by sampling it. Take this from the delightful little essay called “The German in England”:

Sir, a glass of wine! Will you *drink* a glass of wine? Will you *take* a glass of wine? Will you do me the honour to take *some* wine?—Noble variety of phrase! We know that Socrates and Plato were not averse to a cup, and can see in imagination Dr. Whewell and Dr. Buckland hobnobbing together. His Very Reverence Herr Peacock aus Ely calls on the Naturforscher to try a glass of the real Metternich Johannisberger; round about pass noiselessly “*dienstbarer geister in*

*scharlachenen kurzen Beinkleidern*"; and in the midst of the sages, Sir Robert, like a gallant Alcibiades urging Socrates to a bumper of champagne, or Plato to improve the sweet flow of his eloquence by a draught of the honeyed Constantia. "*Portwein und Bordeaux, Madera, und Champagner, Rhein-wein und Constantia alles wird untereinander hineingetränken*"; and properly grateful is our philosopher for the chance which the English custom gives him of mixing these delightful liquors—"of course in moderate glasses and not in pint-tumblers"—no, no, there is no philosophy, however deep, that can bear to be drunk out of *schoffengläser*.

Thackeray really was more of the essayist than the critic. He is extremely interesting when touching off the characteristics and peculiarities of individual persons, but, when he comes to criticism pure and simple, one feels that he does not enter into it with the same zest and gusto. A natural, born critic would have felt no attraction to many of the themes which Thackeray discusses with unflinching charm and brightness. We see his satire, his irony and his unlimited chaff in the brightness of their heyday. A piece quoted in the introduction is as absolutely Thackerayan as that which we have reprinted above:

It will be seen, then, that contrast and action are the merits of this novel. It is a work indeed of no slight muscular force. Murder and innocence have each other by the throat incessantly, and are plunging, and shrieking and writhing, through the numberless volumes. Now crime is throttling virtue, and now again virtue has the uppermost, and points her bright dagger at the heart of crime. It is that exciting contest between the white-robed angel of good and the black principle of evil, which, as children, we have seen awfully delineated in the galanty-show, under the personifications of the devil and the baker. And the subject is interesting, let us say what we will: if galanty-shows are now what they were some scores of years since, that is: still is it a stirring and exciting theme. Sometimes it is the devil who disappears conquered, out of the shining disk, leaving the baker victorious: sometimes it is the baker, who is hurled vanquished into the universal blackness, leaving the fiend to shout his hideous song of triumph. Last Christmas, no doubt, many hundred children sat in dark drawing-rooms, and witnessed that allegorical combat, and clapped hands for the baker, their favourite: and looked wistfully at each other when the fight was over, and the whole room was awful and dark.

We must congratulate Mr. Robert Garnett on a discovery which it is surprising that no one had made before, and on the sound critical introduction which he prefixes to these delightful essays.

### NAPOLEON ON ENGLISH HISTORY

*Napoleon's Notes on English History.* Made on the eve of the French Revolution. Illustrated from contemporary historians, and refreshed from the findings of later research. By HENRY FOLJAMBE HALL, F.R.Hist.S. (Dent, 7s. 6d. net.)

In a memorial note prefixed to this book, Mr. J. M. Dent pays a touching tribute to his friend the author, who died while it was passing through the press. He tells us that in his forty years of life Mr. Hall accomplished an immense amount of work, but that Napoleon "had become the romance of his life, nay, one may almost say its passion," and that he had resolved to clear from the rubbish and mud-throwing of a hundred years the character of his hero.

M. Frédéric Masson, to whom Mr. Hall very properly dedicated this book, first gave to the world these notes by Napoleon on the history of England. They were written in 1788, on the eve of the Revolution, at the little town of Auxonne, near Dijon, where Napoleon's regiment was quartered. The future Emperor was then plunged in the most sordid poverty, and he starved himself to buy books, taking only one meal a day, chiefly milk. The literary merit of these notes is of the smallest; their true interest lies in the fact that Napoleon all through forms his own opinions, which were generally quite different from those of the authorities then available. With extraordinary industry Mr. Hall has illuminated Napoleon's text with voluminous notes of his own, striving to surround them with the precise atmosphere—if we may so express it—of contemporary historical research. He has digged especially in the histories of Rabin, John Barrow and Samuel Carte;

but his style is his own. Such a phrase as "the bovril of biography" is unfortunately no isolated slip; we have also, for example, "writers who quaff the Pierian spring of history are apt to end in mental typhoid."

The very first sentence of Napoleon's notes, "It is probable that the British Isles were peopled by Gallic colonists," illustrates his early Corsican hatred of France. He had already twice endeavoured to stir up discontent in Corsica, and at this time it was England which seized his imagination as the land of liberty. A natural corollary of this is his anticipation of Captain Mahan and his school in realising the importance of sea-power. It is impossible to divine why he omits all mention of Joan of Arc, though later, as First Consul, he was to utilise the patriotic associations of her name for his contemplated invasion of England. He anticipates Kingsley in appreciating "Hereward de Wake," as he calls him; he perceives the greatness of Simon de Montfort and the importance of Magna Carta. The notes end with the accession of William and Mary. We can only find space for Napoleon's most interesting summary of Cromwell, in whom perhaps he saw a kindred spirit:

"Cromwell was in early days a libertine; religion took possession of him, and he became a prophet. Courageous, clever, deceitful, dissimulating, his early principles of lofty republicanism yielded to the devouring flames of his ambition, and having tasted the sweets of power he aspired to the pleasure of reigning alone. He possessed a strong constitution, and had manly but brusque manners. From the most austere religious functions he passed to the most frivolous amusements, and made himself ridiculous by his buffoonery. He was naturally just and temperate."

## A LITERARY CAUSERIE

### THE SONG OF THE SIREN

NATURAL history is a delightful borderland between the province of science and the province of poetry; science there takes on sometimes the colour of poetry, and poetry the form of science. A sense of the loveliness of the scenes amid which one has watched the ways of life of some wild creature often remains vivid in the mind when the thing one set oneself to observe has grown indistinct. In one object of natural history, especially, my interest has been wholly sustained by a keen recollection of the beauty of the spot where I first tried to study it. On reading a tale on the subject in M. Jules Lemaitre's new book, "*En Marge des Vieux Livres*," there revives within me the feeling of the strange fascination of the sea which I once felt when a boy. Whether it was really the white shoulder of a mermaid that I saw glistening far out in the Baie de Douarnenez that night, or only the flash of moonshine on a breaking wave, I cannot now recall. Of course, I may have caught just a glimpse of Princess Ahe: Renan avers that the sound of the bells of her sunken city of Ys still floats up through the waters of the enchanted gulf. But all that survives in my memory is an impression of the mysterious charm of moonlit seas murmuring on a ghostly headland.

Somewhat of this charm attaches to all the literature on the subject. And how varied and abundant that literature is! The singers of every adventurous race that has seen the wonders of the deep and been touched by the glamour of unknown lands, have contributed to it. Few English poets, however, save the author of "*The Ancient Mariner*," seem to have had their imaginations deeply stirred by the mystery of the sea. An old sailor once remarked of "*Enoch Arden*" that it was written by a man who had only seen the ocean from the top of a cliff. Certainly, the "*Sea-Fairies*" in Tennyson's verses, who sing:

O hither, come hither and furl your sails,  
Come hither to me and to me:  
Hither, come hither and frolic and play . . .  
Hither, come hither and see;  
And the rainbow hangs on the poising wave,  
And sweet is the colour of cove and cave,  
And sweet shall your welcome be:

are merely the innocent elves of the greenwood. These gentle spirits are sometimes mistaken for mermaids, as they so delight in the society of women that they follow them to their homes on shores and islands, and there acquire a certain amphibiousness. It was for Miranda, I am sure, that such nimble-footed fays danced and sang on the yellow sands by her father's house. How passionately they can love the fair daughters of men is told by Matthew Arnold in his "Forsaken Merman." A story of a similar nature is related by the girls of Ushant. Some time ago a fishermaid of that island, Mona Kerbeli, married a fairy who had saved her from death. They lived together very happily beneath the sea until Mona went on a visit to her own people. She was warned that if she kissed a man she would forget her fairy husband and children, but in the excitement of meeting her brother she did not remember the warning. Night after night her elfin lover came to the shore and looked for her in vain. One evening Mona heard a voice singing outside her window: "Have you forgotten, Mona, so soon, the fairy who loved you and saved you from death? You promised to return at sunset, but I wait very long and I am unhappy." The song touched the girl's heart, and her past life came back to her mind. Opening the door she found there her lover, and with him she returned to her palace beneath the sea-shore, and was never seen again.

But these charming elves of Shakespeare, Tennyson, and Arnold's poems are not sirens. They inspire neither the terror of the water-sprites of Northern Europe, nor the awe of the wise divinities of the sea of the Southern races. The mermaid that our mariners fear is a dreadful spirit that haunts strange reefs and tempestuous waters. A sailor's chanty runs:

'Twas a Friday morn when we set sail,  
And our ship not far from land,  
When there we espied a fair mermaid,  
With a glass and a comb in her hand.

Out and spoke the captain of our ship,  
And a brave, young man was he:  
I've married a wife in fair London town,  
And a widow this night she'll be . . .

Out and spoke the little cabin boy,  
And a brave, little boy was he:  
I've a mother in old Portsmouth town,  
And to-night she'll weep for me.

Then three times round went our gallant ship,  
And three times round went she:  
The moon shone bright and the stars gave their light,  
And she went to the bottom of the sea.

The mermaids of modern poetry who raise their shining bodies above the waves, and make gestures of invitation with their beautiful arms were never seen by a seafarer. The spell of the siren is never a sensuous one. It is to the adventurer's desire after new knowledge that she appeals in her song. The merman Ea, the oldest god of the Chaldeans, was revered as "the lord of deep wisdom," and the founder of civilisation; and somewhat of his renown was transmitted to Dagan, the sea goddess of the Babylonians and the Phœnicians. From the Phœnicians the tradition seems to have been handed down to the Greek mariners:

Stay your ship, and hear our song. No one ever passes our isle without listening to it, and then he departs joyfully, having gathered much wisdom. For all things are known to us, and we know all that shall happen hereafter upon the fruitful earth.

That was the song with which the sirens tempted Ulysses, that daring spirit,

yearning in desire  
To follow knowledge like a sinking star,  
Beyond the utmost bound of human thought.

The subtle Greek, as we know, eluded the sirens. Forewarned by Circe, he stopped up the ears of his companions with wax, and had himself bound to the mast. But according to M. Lemaître there was one sailor in the Argive ship whose daring was equal to his curiosity. As the tale runs in "La Sirène," Euphorion, observing how wildly Ulysses struggled to get free, said to himself that it must

be worth hearing, even at the price of one's life, the song that troubled so strangely the wisest man of Greece. He took the wax from his ears and listened: then, leaping overboard, he swam with all his strength to the enchanted island. There he was like to have suffered a worse fate than befell Eve in her pursuit of hidden knowledge. The sirens dragged him into a cave heaped up with dead men's bones. But the Greek was a man of infinite resource. Turning to Leucosia, the fairest of the sirens, he said: "I am well content to die after having heard the song of the daughters of the sea, but I should die more happy if I met my death at your hands alone." The siren looked at him in surprise. It was the first time that she had seen a desire or a thought illumine a man's face: the features of drowning men usually expressed the emotion of terror, or, when the struggle had been a severe one, no emotion whatever. Leucosia fell in love with Euphorion. "Well," said the curious Greek, when he had won her confidence, "what is the secret wisdom that you promised to reveal?" Leucosia explained that the sirens had no strange knowledge. Their song was intended merely to excite the curiosity of adventurous men, and lure them to destruction. All that they were able to feel was the grace of the morning skies and the splendour of the sunset, the sweetness of the air, and the beauty of the infinite expanse of the sea; and this was what they sang of.

That is M. Lemaître's story. It rather provokes suspicion. The two mermaids in the "Odyssey," for instance, have increased to seven in "La Sirène." Leucosia and her companions seem, indeed, to be only the graceful nereids of the Greeks masquerading as the wise and terrible divinities of the sea, from whom the Phœnicians had learned the arts of civilisation. One has but to compare Leucosia with the Sea Lady of Mr. H. G. Wells's tale to perceive the distinction between a charming sea-nymph and a fierce and subtle siren. Miss Waters was a mermaid who came to Folkestone a few years ago, and carried away the handsome young Liberal candidate for Hythe. She, at least, was not one of those innocent creatures of the summer sea, taken with pretty trinkets and pretty compliments, who become mortal women and placidly live the life of their human lovers. Beautiful she was in spite of her cold, strange eyes; but her power of fascination lay in her alluring, eerie and cruel wisdom. It was she against whom Circe had warned Ulysses: "He who hears the sound of the siren's voice, shall never see his wife and children stand by him on his return, and rejoice in his coming."

"The little things you *must* do, the little cares, the extraordinary little duties," said Miss Waters, "all these things are a fancy that has taken hold of you . . . You are in a dream, a fantastic, unwholesome little dream. This life of yours is not everything. It is not to be taken too seriously. *Because there are better dreams.*"

The song of the Sirens was in her voice. "This life of yours! Not even for Love would I face it. No. But then you know"—her voice sunk to a low whisper—"there are better dreams. . . ."

They went down through the soft moonlight, tall and white and splendid, interlocked, with his arms about her, her brow on his shoulder, and her hair about his face. . . . They swam together for a little while, the man and the sea-goddess who had come for him, and of the end I can only guess and dream. Did there come a sudden horror upon him? . . . Or was she tender and wonderful to the last; and did she wrap her arms about him, and draw him down, down until the soft waters closed above him, down into a gentle ecstasy of death?

That is the worst of all true stories of the sirens; they end badly. With a little of the power of infinite imagination and infinite curiosity of these ancient divinities of the sea, men may build up great civilisations; too much of it takes away from human life its force and its savour. We must work within our limitations. Renan in his later years, I fancy, listened too lightly with open ear to the song of Princess Ahez, the destroyer of cities. Somewhat of her bitter, intoxicating wisdom is certainly reflected in his last plays and dialogues.

EDWARD WRIGHT.

[Next week's *Causerie* will be "The Development of Chaucer's Genius," by Alfred W. Pollard.]

## FICTION

*Hyacinth.* By GEORGE A. BIRMINGHAM. (Arnold, 6s.)

ON a first reading of "Hyacinth" it appeared to us that Mr. Birmingham had visited Ireland, talked with a number of Protestants, jumped to several wholly erroneous conclusions, hit by accident on a few truths, and decided to make a book on the strength of it. A second and third reading of certain portions confirms our premiss. "Hyacinth" is a novel without a backbone: lacking a plot, lacking an ending, and lacking a purpose. Mr. Birmingham has little knowledge of Irish history (he speaks of Castlereagh, evidently confused by a tourist's recollection of Lough Rea), and less of Irish people and Ireland as it is. His book deals with the fortunes of the son of the rector of a small fishing-village in Connemara. The mother dies, and Hyacinth grows up among the peasantry and—acquires a knowledge of Gaelic! We may admit, for the sake of argument, that it would have been possible for him to acquire a speaking acquaintance with a degenerate language far removed from the Gaelic of to-day: it would not have been possible for a Dublin man to understand him. When he goes to Trinity College, Professor Henry remarks on his Galway brogue: throughout the book he speaks irreproachable English, as does every rabid Gaelic Leaguer and every Irishman. The brogue apparently baffled the tourist: does he, we wonder, know the difference between the brogue and the brogues? Oddly enough no one at T.C.D. remarked on Hyacinth's. Mr. Birmingham gives a detailed—and not very accurate—description of the Silent Sister, fails entirely to suggest the atmosphere and makes no reference to the library. He tries to describe a typical Connaught town, and makes no fewer than five glaring misstatements. His characters are as un-Irish as Ainos or Andamanese. Connaught has two other spellings—Connaucht and Connacht—of which, if we must have either, we prefer the latter. (But perhaps we owe the disappearance of the "u" to the fact that the printer was cramped for room.) Sometimes Mr. Birmingham attempts picturesque writing: then we are inclined to say, with the author of the "Bab Ballads," that:

His gentle spirit rolls  
In the melody of souls—  
Which is pretty, but I don't know what it means.

*The Sea Maid.* By RONALD MACDONALD. (Methuen, 6s.)

WHEN Mr. Macdonald thought of losing a very reverend Dean and his very respectable wife on an uninhabited island of the South Seas for twenty years until the Dean was forced by the laws of wear and tear to compromise his gaiters and back bebuttoned waistcoat for scant but serviceable pig-skin and his wife to discard her skirts and equivocate with the draperies of hand-woven grass-matting, and their daughter was nineteen years old and adorable and of course loved by all the party of men and women who eventually arrive upon the scene, he hit upon a happy if not quite original, idea, and he developed and wrote his idea in a mood as happy as the idea, and as happy as every one will inevitably be, who is wise enough or fortunate enough to read his book. There is something deliciously attractive in the serious manner in which he handles the subject. We seem to hear every now and then a faint sigh, half of regret, half of apology, as he hints with all tender delicacy at the full horror of his dear Dean's plight. *Hinc illae lacrimae*—of laughter. And though the Dean and his wife are as ludicrous in their costume as we should wish any Dean and his lady to appear, yet Polynesia their daughter is never anything but charming, and we love her as fondly as any of the men to whom the mutiny on board the *Aurungabad* gave the opportunity of loving her, except perhaps Lord Ormsrood, who wins her for his wife. But that is another matter, and, we may add, no matter. Perhaps the most pregnant moment is when the respectable wife of that dear Dean's bosom retires into her cave with many parcels (the Dean is their porter), containing a kind

young actor's purchases in Paris for his wife's trousseau, and reappears in the smartest Parisian pair of cycling—*exactement le dernier cri*—of cycling bloomers.

*The Bending of a Twig.* By DESMOND F. T. COKE. (Chapman & Hall, 6s.)

*Dick.* By G. F. BRADBY. (Smith, Elder, 3s. 6d. net.)

MR. COKE has written a little preface to explain his aim and to expound a theory. His aim is "to level destructive satire at the conventional school story and on its ruins to erect a structure rather nearer to real life," and his theory is that "no story which is consistently gay or doggedly grave throughout can possibly describe school-life." Here Mr. Coke states his case, and here he shows exactly the flaw in his book, which only serves to strengthen our original opinion that destructive satire and serious creative work are absolutely incompatible. "No man can serve two masters" is as true in matters of art as in matters of morality. Satire is a ticklish weapon to handle: and the fact that Lycidas Marsh tries at first to shape his conduct at Shrewsbury on the conduct of boys in "Eric" and "The Hill," and "Jack Joker" and "Stalky and Co." does not so much fill us with contempt for those books as with amazement at the boy's ridiculous ignorance and the still more ridiculous ignorance of the boy's mother, who encouraged him. The situations that arise are fairly amusing, and would be much more so if they were treated merely as the mistakes of a very imaginative, singular boy; but they are not. They are treated as damning proofs of the worthlessness of the books which this singular boy has read: a manner of criticism which is so exasperating in its unfairness that we are inclined almost to welcome the "pi"-ness of "Eric," to reconsider our verdict of "The Hill," and at once to return with increased avidity to that fascinating and monstrous "Stalky." But this element of satire, which we could not find gay, fades away at last, and when we are able to forget the strange attitude which says: "All other books but mine are unreal, that is not how boys behave; but *this* is the real thing, *these* are real boys," and which arouses antipathy in the saying, we come to a careful and well-written study of an exceptional and interesting boy, and we are shown the inside of another public school—and that, too, is always interesting. The character of Lycidas Marsh is extraordinarily well thought out: he is a morbid, self-conscious boy, who never quite forgives Providence for his inability to play games; and, a little bitter in consequence, is for ever trying to win popularity in his house, and always thinking that he has failed. And very clever is the way in which Mr. Coke makes us see all the other boys and the school life generally through the critical eyes of this strange self-conscious boy without ever making us dislike him.

Mr. Bradby's novel, "Dick," is so far original that it tells of the doings of a boy of fourteen during the summer holidays. In the form of a diary written by middle-aged men whose summer rest Dick is sharing, Mr. Bradby, who is a house-master at Rugby, manages to throw much light on boy-nature in its most amiable aspect and makes some very sound remarks upon education and the management of boys. All the humour and lightness of touch, in which lay the charm of his other books, are apparent and associate so pleasantly with the more serious moments that never for an instant do we feel a trace of the pedagogue, but only realise that the man who is writing knows thoroughly what he is writing about, and loves his subject—boy. "Dick" is a good antidote or perhaps complement to Mr. Coke's designing boys; for the enthusiasm and lightheartedness of boyhood, a side which is left untouched in "The Bending of a Twig," are continually present in "Dick"; and that continual keenness on the thing of the moment, whether it be the search for worms, or stump cricket, or the composition of a passionate letter of remorse to a sad mother in Peru or any "hairy old rag," is one of the vital elements of the normal boy, and carries him over his morbid moments, which are far rarer

and of less importance than we should gather to be the case from Mr. Coke's study of Lycidas Marsh. It is exactly this irresponsible enthusiasm which Mr. Bradby would see nurtured and developed: and the old curriculum of Latin grammar and verbs in  $\mu$  he condemns bitterly because they tend only to suppress this enthusiasm and leave a kind of stupid weariness in its place. What he says in the book is as interesting and delightful as the manner in which he says it.

*Lads of the Fancy.* By GEORGE BARTHAM. (Duckworth, 6s.)

It is a delight to read such a stirring story of real men and women, of a time when "every English gentleman was expected to be master of a pair of hands, the power of staring blenchlessly into the eyes of an enemy, and the gift of enduring." In these days, when our England is too much given over to effeminate men, motor-cars, and the unemployed, it is a relief to read again of men who could use their fists as well as their brains, of women who were beautiful and courageous without trying to step into men's shoes, of elopements and Gretna Green, prize-fights that were worth talking about, and all the doings of the country side in the year 1811. Redmond Shenstone and Dick Poynings, his friend, are a pair of as fine fellows as ever followed the hounds, and fell into the clutches of villains in London town. If it had not been for the friendly offices of Grainger, the detective, they might not have come out of their troubles so well, but our sympathies go with them all the way, and we cannot feel anything but pleasure when they accomplish their destinies. There are several other charming and healthy-minded young people, whose fortunes we follow with great pleasure after seeing too much of the latest evolution of hero and heroine in the modern novel, who pass their time in morbid self-questionings and in emotional outbursts, which our friends in Mr. Bartram's book would feel to be most indelicate and unnecessary. We cannot do better than conclude with the following sentence:

At the time of our story it was just possible to meet here and there in lane and country road the Englishman, not as a futile human budget of axioms and inane little facts, but as something blent of demigod and viking. Also one might view the most beautiful country on earth as God intended it to be, not as a century of pismirism has made it.

*Brownjohn's.* By MABEL DEARMER. (Smith, Elder, 6s.)

THE reality of a storm in a tea-cup depends, as Mrs. Dearmer suggests on the fly-leaf of this little story, upon whether you happen to be in the tea-cup yourself. It may also depend upon how many of you there are in it. If there are too many the storm will quite possibly spill over and lose itself outside, and this, we fancy, is what has happened to "Brownjohn's." Regarded as a tea-cup it was, of course, necessary that old Mrs. Brownjohn's little country-village post office should be full to overflowing; yet even at the sacrifice of a room or two we should have ruthlessly excluded Robin and Toby Kitchen from the list of temporary inmates. Their elimination would have left Bab and Sue Drummond in sole possession, while the card setting forth that the place was a "Cyclist's Rest," at sight of which Hubert Leycester (a young artist in search of beauty) marched innocently in and occupied the bedroom of "Fräulein," absent on a visit to a sick sister, would have had to be affixed to the gate in some other manner. This simplification would have been all to the good. As it is, the little plot at which we hint is overcharged with machinery, and the author is kept so busy looking after her two imps in the car (who are after all not more than colourable imitations of the real human boy) that she half loses sight of her first conception of her two girls. Sue, indeed, just touched in as a foil to her sister, is a negligible quantity. But Bab as heroine may be something of a disappointment to those who are acquainted with Mrs. Dearmer's more finished studies of character. It is not merely that, like many another pretty girl of eighteen, she is full of little "tantrums" and jealousies; it is rather that Mrs. Dearmer has omitted to suggest such inner subtleties and charms as might engage an unbiassed reader's sympathy.

## THE DRAMA

### A CLOSE TIME FOR THE PEASANTS

*The Dynasts.* By THOMAS HARDY. Part Second. (Macmillan, 4s. 6d. net.)

ANY one who has ever ascended Vesuvius will remember that on leaving the little railway (admirably managed by Messrs. Cook) you are seized by a couple of ruffians who demand money or press bad change upon you. Like "Good Deeds" in the morality play of *Everyman*, Messrs. Cook accompany you to the pit's mouth and then you are handed over to the Italian Government, represented by retired brigands. This image presents itself vividly on reading or even writing a review of any remarkable work by some great writer. The author and publisher (Good Deeds or Messrs. Cook) have brought out a book, and the public with a taste for literary phenomena experiences the laudable curiosity to look inside; but it is not allowed to do so in the ordinary course. A reviewer seizes you by the throat in the morning or weekly paper: presses his own ideas in the form of papal francs and Helvetia seated, both on you and the volcano, insists upon your looking at everything from his own coign of disadvantage. That is why some people are disappointed with Vesuvius.

Since Mr. Hardy wrote "Under the Greenwood Tree," and has been slowly recognised as a great novelist, it was as the delineator of peasant-life that he first struck our cockney imaginations; so that everything by him in the general view, must be about peasants. Yet the "Group of Noble Dames" contains hardly a smock; the flora suggest the gardens of Boccaccio and Brantôme rather than the cottage annuals of Wessex and Mr. Hardy's other *cereals*, if I may call them so, in the *Illustrated London News*. To tell the truth, the author is much more various than reviewers suppose. He has always had plenty of life's little ironies in the fire; and the great drama of *The Dynasts*, the second part of which has just been issued, proves him not merely a great novelist but an essayist, a poet and a dramatist and, I might add, an acute historical critic.

Of course it is rather startling, almost discouraging, to commence reading a drama in three parts, nineteen acts and one hundred and thirty scenes. You wonder if there will be time for a cigarette; or, as at Oberammergau, when lunch will be served. You recall M. Jules Claretie's refusal to place one of M. Sar Peladan's works on the stage of the Odéon—*The Prince of Byzantium*, a Wagnerian drama in forty-eight acts and seventy-six tableaux.

"The charge brought against the Queen Mother in Act 17," wrote M. Claretie with his usual courtesy, "and the terrible (*funeste*) suggestion cast on the Prince's character in Act 46 would render it unsuitable for production at a National State theatre. French dramatic art does not yet ride on the back of a swan."

I can fancy Mr. Tree refusing *The Dynasts* for quite different reasons, and I can imagine it being accepted by the Stage Society *because of them*; and played by that admirable institution to the bitter end some bitter Sunday night. The author has described the work as a panorama; I should call it a cinematograph, in which the figures and even the scenery, actual though they are, move just a little too fast. It is a trifle bewildering. At first all seems amorphous, and you come to the exquisite prose rubrics—you can hardly call them stage-directions—with a sense of relief, as of sunshine after rain, to use one of Pater's happy expressions. After a time, at all events, a portion of the author's purpose is revealed to you, but only a portion. I frankly do not understand all the elaborate scaffolding, though it must have its reason, because the author, it should be remembered, is an architect. When you have lost the sense of the theatre, and are thrilled only by the dramatic tenseness of dialogue, you get a real stage-direction: "A long silence in the room. Another rider is

"heard approaching," etc. Then I seem to hear some one beating up an egg "off" in order to produce the sound of horses' hoofs. The illusion has gone. Again, the supernatural characters, besides uttering most beautiful poetry, like the Beryl spirits of Rossetti, are often unintelligible as they. Is this Mr. Hardy's mordant humour, so often employed throughout the drama in a more obvious way? A Scotch paper once complained that English newspapers were uncomfortable to read because you never knew which portions were intended to be serious, whereas in the Northern press the humorous portions were all put in one column and headed *Facetiae*. I am Scotch myself and I am sure the fault is mine. Just following some ringing, almost Elizabethan lines from the mouth of Napoleon, we have:

**SPIRIT SINISTER:** I spell herein that our excellently high coloured drama is not played out yet.

The view of "Spirit Sinister" is too plainly some dismal resolution at the old Playgoers' Club, the Deaf and Dumb Playgoers' League, or one of those useful societies designed to make our Sundays brighter.

Just as Marlowe and Webster wound you by their incongruities, Mr. Hardy stabs you with his wilful discords. In Act ii. scene vi., however, he has consented to leave himself alone; it is the most beautiful and moving in the whole drama, though the motive (that of Napoleon's resolve to divorce Josephine) has often been treated before, but never with such direct simplicity. The scene following is rubric; in admirable contrast the battle of Vimiero is painted like an illuminated letter by that exquisite miniaturist and master-builder who sometimes carves you grotesques for the *miserere* seats of his auditorium. Particularly grim and *macabre* is the final scene, where the "Spirit of the Years" becomes materialised and is mistaken by the Prince Regent and his vulgar court for one of the suite of the French princes. It recalls Rethel's print, or Poe's "Masque of the Red Death"; but it is more striking than either of them.

Is *The Dynasts* a success? I would rather not answer the question until it has reached another edition, and I can be on the safe side. I would call it a great imperfect work of art; imperfect in the sense that the Sixtine Chapel is imperfect as a scheme of decoration. You must return to it very often before you can absorb its spaces. It is the spectator who is out of proportion, not the giants nor the mind which conceived them.

ROBERT ROSS.

#### "MEASURE FOR MEASURE" BY THE O.U.D.S.

If the production of *Measure for Measure* at Oxford showed nothing else, it showed that this play can be acted without offence. And why not? What is the subject on which *Othello* turns? What is the aim of Falstaff in the *Merry Wives*? What the *crux* of *Much Ado* and of the human part of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*? and *The Winter's Tale* and *Cymbeline*? All these plays are acted without protest; and it only remained for Mr. G. R. Foss, with sound sense and good taste, to show that *Measure for Measure* could be acted too. His version was, on the whole, very good. He was a little drastic, perhaps, in his alteration of the text, and he certainly—by transposing a scene from Act II. to Act I.—relieved the horror of the impending doom too soon by showing us the Duke practising his mission of mercy before we had begun to feel that the case was desperate.

The play itself will never be a popular play: it is too gloomy, too little relieved by comedy. In the weakness of our hearts we were almost grateful to Barnardine (Mr. J. L. Philipps) for his outrageous but amusing attack of *delirium tremens*. What made the play so popular in the eighteenth century (and we shall always believe it to have been more popular with the actors than with their audiences) was its two or three superb acting scenes: the two between Angelo and Isabella, the scene between

Isabella and Claudio in prison, with its splendid outbursts of rhetoric and rage, and some others. *Measure for Measure* contains as many passages of beautiful language as any play of Shakespeare's—perhaps more; but alas! beautiful language is not much appreciated in the English theatre nowadays—nor always (it must be admitted) are the players ready to do it justice. We hazard a suggestion, which we are quite prepared to hear violently controverted, that a little more concession should be made to the Elizabethan manner of acting; that Claudio, for instance, should not be too anxious, in speaking those famous lines on death, to preserve *character*, and should allow more to the claims of mere rhetoric. Still, Mr. F. C. Meyer played the part consistently, if a little feebly, and sincerity marked every performance. Mr. G. S. C. Rentoul's Angelo, for instance, was wholly sincere, carefully worked out on a reasoned view of the character and rendered with no small power. We should have liked the Duke of Mr. R. Gorell Barnes much better if we had heard more of his lines; amid a cast that suffered all round from indistinctness of speech, he suffered most. Miss Maud Hoffmann made a fine, passionate Isabella, and among other good performances we remember Mr. W. J. H. Curwen in the very difficult part of Lucio, Mr. L. Gartside as Elbow, Mr. H. G. Tanner as Pompey, Mr. G. A. E. Williams as the Provost, and Miss Edith Coleman as Mariana. On the whole, the Society is to be congratulated on a sound rendering of an interesting, if unequal play, to which the music composed and conducted by Mr. Robert Cox lent considerable attraction.

#### MR. HEWLETT'S "PASTORAL" AT THE COURT THEATRE

WHEN *Pan and the Young Shepherd*, by Mr. Maurice Hewlett, first appeared in print, people said it would never act. They were wrong. Cut down and adapted for the stage, it acts fairly well—very largely, we suspect, because it had Mr. Granville Barker to stage and rehearse it. Is there anything that Mr. Barker *couldn't* stage? It is not a play for those who care to see on the stage only pictures of real and modern life. To like it at all, you must be a neo-Pagan with a dash of the mediæval Christian in you: it would be well, too, to add an appreciation of the young Irish School, with something of Fiona Macleod and a little of the Elizabethan—you must offer, in fact, a great many facets to interests striking in from all directions. For Mr. Maurice Hewlett is here one of those neo-Renaissance people who gather from here and from there, selecting thoughts, figures and images from all art and from all time, and weaving them together into beautiful, shot, rich fabrics which do not wear very well but are very nice to look at. The young shepherd who goes for a bride to the "daughters of the earth," soulless creatures who are gay without care, and chooses one whom Pan has struck dumb and cold because she alone of the seven sisters has denied herself to him—he is a Christian and a man altogether of the earth. Then, when he has brought her home, Pan calls her back, and only the sacrifice of a mortal maiden to his desires can save her and restore her to her husband. The mortal maiden is Merla, a strapping wench who catches the goat-god's fancy; and, loving Neanias, the young Shepherd, to distraction, she has learnt the first lesson of love—self-sacrifice. To save him and his bride, Aglaë, she will give herself to Pan. It is not—well, not very nice, somehow, to think of Neanias singing carols to Aglaë on Epiphany Eve, while Merla, who loves him, has bought his happiness at such a price. But there are no laws of propriety in this strange world. Suffice it that we have some beautiful scenes, some beautiful language (we can trust Mr. Hewlett for that!), some ripe Shakespearean peasant humour, and some good acting, notably from Mr. Ainley as Neanias, Miss Suzanne Sheldon as Merla, and Miss Grace Lane, who played the very difficult part of the dumb girl with fine expression. The scenery was perfect,

and Mr. H. W. Hewlett's music very Parsifalian and appropriate. In future performances Miss Alice Crawford and the other (very handsome) Daughters of the Earth should be allowed to recite their lines to music and not encouraged to sing.

*The Youngest of the Angels*, which followed, is a one-act play, adapted by Maurice Hewlett from his last novel. It shows a version of the scene in which Francis Hastings is hidden in the cupboard of Professor Tolino Tron's room, while the Professor sups with his wife. It makes a dull little play of no distinction. Mr. Barnes, Mr. Harcourt Williams, Miss Lillah McCarthy and Miss Agnes Thomas acted it well.

## FINE ART

### THE PAINTER-ETCHERS

It would be insincere and no true sign of friendship on the part of a well-wisher of the Society to pretend that this is one of its good years. Taking it collectively, one cannot fail to notice certain omissions and shortcomings, and to regret especially the absence of one of the most interesting features of some past exhibitions, the representation of a group of old masters or some single classic of the etcher's art by a selection of works which have stood the test of time. This is a feature which the Council, if it so chooses, may easily restore another year. It will not so easily combat the tendency, so strongly marked at the present day, among black-and-white artists as well as painters, for the younger men of marked originality and talent to be drawn away from the large and long-established societies to smaller and more intimate groups. The progress of English etching can no more be studied on the walls of the Royal Society of Painter-Etchers alone than that of English painting at the Royal Academy. That is obviously a matter largely beyond the Society's control; it can hardly be said, however, to derive much lustre from the new associates of this year. Among the older members, too, we miss the contributions of several distinguished original etchers whose work is always looked for eagerly by the regular *habitués* of the exhibitions. What has Mr. Short been doing, whose recent election, with that of Mr. Strang, to the honours of an Associate-Engraver of the Royal Academy has been received with such general satisfaction? It is a great pity if his other duties as a teacher or as the translator, unrivalled in his generation, of Turner, Dewint and Watts, have left him no time for original work. We miss Mr. Burridge and Mr. Gascoyne, and, among the foreign associates, two to whom we have looked especially for entertainment and the stimulus of novelty, M. Jeannot and M. Chahine.

Then it must strike a visitor who reflects on the choice of subject that there is too much architecture and too much landscape in the room. There are few members who even attempt an imaginative or historical composition and fewer still who succeed. What has become of the art of portrait-etching in England since Mr. Strang abandoned it, let us hope for a time only? Apart from Professor Legros's dry-point portrait of himself (from a drawing which has already been seen, treated more successfully, as a lithograph), the only portraits in this exhibition are those of two bishops by a Norwegian, Mr. Nordhagen, and of Israels and Segantini by a German, Mr. Hermann Struck.

Few of the individual contributors, again, are seen at their best this year. Let us mention some of those who are. In the first place, Professor Legros himself, whose *Les Oraisons de Noël* might almost be dated thirty years back, if a certain indecision and softness in the figure and hands of the elder woman, partly due (I suspect) to the printing of the plate, did not assimilate it to the latest phase of his etching. The profile of the girl behind her is as firmly drawn as ever, yet tender and charming in its *na veté*. *La Petite Mare* is a delicate landscape in the pale and silvery tone to which the etcher has restricted himself

in all his recent work, and it is one of the most charming plates of the kind that he has done. Mr. Brangwyn's work is very strong again: it may be called ambitious, but it must also be called successful. He exhibits two large etchings, *Breaking up the "Hannibal"* and *A Butcher's Shop*. The latter is very imperfectly described by its unromantic title. It is not the kind of shop that disfigures our English streets, but a picturesque roadside stall in some southern or eastern clime, consisting chiefly of a beam slung between two huge trees, to which two pigs' heads are attached, while a carcass hangs in shadow and the "purveyor" serves a customer as pleasantly attired as himself. The description may not sound attractive, but the print is admirable. Sir Charles Holroyd has been working again in two congenial regions, at Venice and among the English lakes. From both he has brought back good and interesting compositions. *The Salute Steps*, drawn from a wholly new and original point of view, and "*Rio San Gregorio, No. 223*" are the two that please me most of the first group; of the second only one example is shown, *Langdale Pikes*, an excellent study of rugged hills, work suited to the firm, strongly bitten line in which the artist habitually expresses himself. *Le Pont Neuf*, by M. Eugène Béjot, is one of the best architectural etchings; the treatment of the water is much in the manner of M. Lepère. Mr. Axel Haig's work appeals to those who delight in high finish, and they will find good examples of his style in subjects chosen from Spain, Portugal and France. Mr. Sydney Lee exhibits some good architectural plates of moderate size, especially *Notre Dame, Bruges* and *House at Fuenterrabia*, which are more impressive in their well-designed pattern of light and dark than the more ambitious, big plate, *The Cathedral Precincts*, printed in an unpleasantly hot, reddish tint. Mr. Waterson has made a fine mezzotint plate of *The Strath*, with its great stretch of sky over bleak, snow-covered hills; when he attempts to give the atmosphere of woods he is much less successful, and his experiment of dividing a mezzotint plate into a triptych (No. 244) is not at all to be commended. Just above *The Strath* hangs an aquatint by Mr. Hubert Schröder, *Evening, near Pilsey*, which deserves a position more nearly on the level of the eye; it is a clear and luminous rendering of an expanse of water and a cloudy sky, and seems, at a distance, to be of great technical merit. Mr. Hartley has found a charming subject in *Stokesay Castle, Shropshire*, and his plate of *The Straw Waggon* is one of the best of the small things in the room. Miss Margaret Kemp-Welch has done a number of good landscape plates this year. *Barges unloading on the Deben, Suffolk*, may be specially mentioned among them. Miss Ethel Stewart, a new contributor, shows some good etchings of Somerset landscape, and her *Groote Kerke, Veere*, shows more taste and selection than many of the more ambitious architectural plates in the gallery. Mr. Oliver Hall and Mr. C. J. Watson are good, if not quite at their best. Mr. East's contributions are disappointing; both his trees and his human beings are distorted. Mr. Spence's etchings are quaint and dramatic, as ever. Colonel Goff is not so successful with Nile scenery as with Fiesole or Viareggio: his dry-point plates of *Nespole, Blackthorn* and *Pine* are good studies from nature done in a painter-like way, in contrast to the neat and realistic draughtsmanship of Mr. G. Woolliscraft Rhead, whose *Toadflax* and *Carnations* show a scrupulous observation which would have delighted Ruskin. Most of the exhibitors call for no remark; it is not a great year. C. D.

## MUSIC

### THE OXFORD HISTORY OF MUSIC—IV

It is no ill compliment to the work of Mr. Fuller Maitland to regret that the Oxford History of Music changes hands at this point so as to separate Bach and Handel from their predecessors. That their work should be treated in a

separate volume from the music of the seventeenth century was inevitable, but, as the chief usefulness of such a work as this, and indeed its object as stated by the editor, is to show the relation of these great ones, who too often appear in majestic isolation, to the work of their predecessors and contemporaries, this could only have been completely achieved in a volume continuing the standpoint of volume iii., and having such constant textual reference to it as only the same author could give. This is, of course, the weak point of the divided authorship system altogether, but this one is the most awkward joining-place of the four, and in reading these two volumes one cannot help feeling that Sir Hubert Parry's work was hampered by the knowledge that he was not to trace the new movements of the seventeenth century to their ultimate fruition, as was that of Mr. Fuller Maitland by having to build upon another's foundation. Apart from this initial disadvantage the picture presented of the time is remarkably clear. The author never forgets that his subject is "The Age of Bach and Handel," not Bach and Handel themselves, and he is largely successful in placing them in their surroundings, so that one sees them and their contemporaries somewhat from the point of view of their time, and this is especially helped by his quotation of the comments of Burney, Addison and Steele, Mattheson the German critic, and others. Even Johnson, with his inimitable power of hitting the nail on the head in conversation on topics of which he was wholly ignorant, comes in with the remark that opera is an "exotic and irrational entertainment," and Mr. Fuller Maitland makes it very clear that he was right.

The first chapters deal with special forms of musical composition. The Chorale, the Cantata, Passion Music, belong exclusively to Germany, and are in this period chiefly illustrated by the works of Bach. The birth and growth of these highly characteristic forms have been already traced, and their treatment here is somewhat slight; the author confines himself almost entirely to showing and illustrating their derivation from the chorale, and hence the essentially devotional character of such music. He illustrates this mainly from those Cantatas which are together known as the Christmas Oratorio, and a comparison of the two "Passions" of Bach. The author's wisdom is shown in his omissions. Detailed information on the numerous works of this kind by Bach would, of course, be disproportioned, but it is tantalising to be refused it by one so qualified to give it. The chapter on Latin Church Music discusses the curious anomalies and inconsistencies of Italian writers such as Durante, Leo, Caldara, Pergolesi and Astorga, in which choral writing of a massive and noble type is continually marred by the trivialities and obvious devices of Opera, and the childish device of placing two soprano voices to sing in an endless succession of thirds. How far Bach's great Mass was removed above these efforts, by bringing all the sincerity and earnestness of German protestantism to bear upon the grand traditions of Catholic Church music, is one of the most interesting features of the period. With the discussion of Oratorio we are taken away from music of which devotional impulse of any sort was an inspiring force. Handel's Oratorios are to this day so much represented in the public mind by the "Messiah," that it is still difficult to realise how far removed from religious worship they are. They came into existence as Biblical Drama without action and scenery, the place of which was taken by the extensive use of the chorus and a general improvement of workmanship, which, purging them from the banalities of his operas, transformed his work, so as to show the master as he really was. Handel's works of this kind are enumerated with short notes upon them, and in this connection it was inevitable that the author should have a word to say on his famous plagiarisms. He admits that it is impossible to maintain the plea that these were unconscious, but suggests the original theory that:

it is at least possible that his illness of 1737, while it had not permanently affected his mental well-being in the least, may have caused him to forget the source of some of the manuscripts in his possession, and

he may have mistaken the unnamed copy of Erba's Magnificat for a work of his own, when he wanted materials for his "Israel."

It seems better frankly to accept the situation and allow that Handel was unprincipled in this matter, than to weave these theories, always remembering in extenuation that he regarded himself more as a provider of fashionable entertainments than as an original and creative artist.

The kind of musical instruments in use and the technique of performers exercised at this time a most potent influence upon the development of the art of composition. The chapters on "The Keyed Instruments," "The Orchestra," "The Growth of Form," and "The Rise of Virtuosity" are, therefore, the most important contribution to the history of music which this volume makes. Of the keyed instruments, the only one capable of what we now call expressive light and shade was the clavichord, Bach's favourite instrument, since the gradations of the harpsichord, like those of the organ, were controlled by stops, and consequently consisted in the mere contrast of tone-colours, and it was therefore the instrument for the display of virtuosity. This fact may well be taken in conjunction with Mr. Fuller Maitland's comment on the words of Naumann, that fugue form was "transmitted to Bach in a state so perfect that he had but to put the finishing touch to it." What, asks Mr. Fuller Maitland, was this "finishing touch"? Having examined the "Art of Fugue," with its immense intellectual output, he comes back to the "Forty-eight Preludes and Fugues," and says:

It was not in these mighty intellectual efforts (*i.e.*, The Art of Fugue) that Bach put the finishing touch to the fugue form of his day; it is by the emotional quality and the expressive power of his fugues that he stands far above all composers of any age who have attempted fugue writing.

How Bach saturated his works with every kind of expressive power we can only fully realise when we compare them with those of his contemporaries and even with those of Handel. The broad effects of the latter are apparent and easily grasped, while the intimate expression, the detailed care with which Bach expresses emotion by the special use of a certain ornament at a given point, or the employment of a certain colour of harmony or tone, often escape the notice of a careless listener.

The state of the orchestra at this time is very difficult to grasp without an intimate knowledge of the scores of composers and the records of historians. With the exception of the clarinet, almost every component of the modern orchestra was available, but the idea of the interweaving of tone-colours as in modern orchestration had scarcely occurred to composers. Bach made some tentative experiments, but as a rule he conformed to the system of writing obligato parts throughout a whole movement for one or two special instruments. Mr. Fuller Maitland by an apt analogy describes each movement as "a picture in monochrome, in which variety and interest could only be got by the management of outlines or the opposition of lights and darks." One may say that the orchestra in the modern sense of the term did not exist, though the materials for its construction had been collected together. But the builders did not begin to work at it until after the death of Bach and Handel. It dominates the course of the next volume of the present work. In "The Rise of Virtuosity," however, is to be found an important element which contributed much to the resources of the next generation, and by its development especially of the technique of the stringed instruments, helped towards the building up of the orchestra. Mr. Fuller Maitland shows that the impulse towards virtuosity has come in special periods or waves, rather than in a steady flow, and that from each of these waves the art has come out with increased resources, however regrettable individual manifestation of this tendency may appear.

The largest wave of virtuosity from which the art has suffered overspread the age of Bach and Handel, and swamped with its evil traditions the immature efforts of innumerable good composers of opera and instrumental music, either directly, or indirectly by vitiating public

taste; Bach stood aloof from it and was alone, unvalued in his generation and almost unknown; Handel grappled with some of its worst manifestations in opera, bullying his singers, cajoling his audience, ruining his own work. The picture is a dismal one, relieved only by the presence of these two mighty men, and the very faithfulness with which it is presented makes one willingly turn away to see the dawn of truer and wider ideals in the close of the century.

H. C. C.

### FORTHCOMING BOOKS

THE Cambridge University Press has in preparation two new volumes in the Cambridge Type Series—Milton's "Comus" and other Poems; and Bacon's Essays. They will be uniform, of course, with the Cambridge Type edition of Earle's "Microcosmographie," Dekker's "Seven Deadly Sinnes," Ben Jonson's "Underwoods," etc. A book on Spitzbergen by Sir Martin Conway is also announced, under the title "No Man's Land," by the Cambridge Press, and it has in the press a school edition of the text of Jebb's "Bacchylides."

Dr. Paget Toynbee has written a book on "Dante in English Literature" which he is publishing, we understand, with Messrs. Methuen. It traces the references to Dante in English writings from the date of Chaucer's second visit to Italy in 1380 down to the death of Henry Francis Cary in 1844. The book will contain brief biographies of each of the writers represented and will be furnished with full indices.—Messrs. Methuen have in preparation a new edition of "The Poems of William Wordsworth," in four volumes, with introduction and notes by Mr. Nowell C. Smith, who edited "Wordsworth's Literary Criticism" for the Oxford University Press.

Mr. A. C. Benson is writing "The Life of Walter Pater," which Messrs. Macmillan will publish shortly in their English Men of Letters series. "If one attempts to depict Pater in the purely critical spirit," writes Mr. Benson in his introduction, "one never comes near to his inner seriousness, his mildness, his simple tenderness, his essential meekness of spirit. . . . And thus one is driven to his books, not only to criticise them, but to divine his character; and so again one falls under the spell, and depicts him, almost inevitably, in his own chosen manner."

Messrs. J. M. Dent have in the press an edition of the work of Alexandre Dumas in forty-eight volumes, unabridged, which are to be issued at the rate of two volumes a month.—The same firm have almost ready a book on Morocco, translated from the French of Eugène Aubin under the title "Morocco of To-day"; and they will begin the publication shortly of a new series—The Temple Greek and Latin Classics—the first four volumes of which will be "The Medea and Hippolytus of Euripides," translated and edited, with an introduction and notes, by Sidney Waterlow; "The Euthyphro, Crito, and Apology of Socrates," translated and edited, with an introduction and notes, by F. M. Stawell; "The Æneid of Virgil," translated by E. Fairfax Taylor, and edited, with an introduction, by E. M. Forster (2 vols.); and "The Satires of Juvenal," edited, with an introduction and notes, by A. F. Cole. In every case the original text will appear opposite the English rendering.

Messrs. Constable will publish next week a volume entitled "The Chief American Poets." Selections are given from Poe, Emerson, Longfellow, Whittier, Holmes, Lowell, Whitman, etc.—The same publishers promise "A Short History of Italy, 476–1900," by Henry Dwight Sedgwick, early this month; the fifth volume of Professor G. Santayana's "The Life of Reason" immediately; and they have in preparation a popular edition of Boswell's Life of Johnson, in six volumes, edited by Augustine Birrell.

Messrs. Constable have in the press and will issue shortly an important book on "Tunnel Shields, and the Use of

Compressed Air in Subaqueous Works," by William Charles Copperthwaite. Although the employment of a shield, with or without the aid of compressed air, in tunnelling operations, is of English origin, and there are probably more tunnels so constructed in this country than anywhere else, save in Simms's "Practical Tunnelling" and in Prelini and Hills's "Tunnelling" the subject has not been dealt with in English engineering text-books. The two authorities we have quoted only touch on the shield slightly as part of the general history of tunnelling; and so far as we are aware there have been only two French books which dealt with it any length: Legouez's "L'Emploi du Bouclier dans la Construction des Souterrains," and Phillippe's "Le Bouclier." Mr. Copperthwaite's book should therefore be of value.—Messrs. Constable will also issue shortly another book by Mr. John Fyvie, entitled "Some Literary Eccentrics." The "eccentrics" in question are Thomas Amory, Thomas Day, William Beckford, Walter Savage Landor, William Hazlitt, Henry Crabb Robinson, Charles Babbage, Douglas Jerrold, George Wither, James I., and Sir John Mandeville.—The same publishers are preparing a work on "Early Victorian Novelists" from the pen of Mr. Lewis Melville, the author of a Life of Thackeray. Mr. Melville deals with Bulwer Lytton, Benjamin Disraeli, Douglas Jerrold, Samuel Lover, Thackeray, Charles Kingsley, Wilkie Collins, Charles Reade, Anthony Trollope, Whyte-Melville, Mrs. Gaskell, Sheridan Le Fanu, Henry Kingsley, Mrs. Oliphant, James Payn, Sir Walter Besant, and William Black.

In celebration of the tercentenary of the birth of Rembrandt, Mr. Heinemann announces a memorial of the artist which is to be published simultaneously in England, France, Germany, and Holland. It will contain forty "Rembrandt" photogravure reproductions of the finest pictures of Rembrandt, and there will be in addition facsimile reproductions of a number of his drawings with accompanying text by Emile Michel. The present publication will appear in fortnightly parts at 2s. 6d., starting on March 9, so as to be complete by July.

Among the books announced for publication this spring by Sir Isaac Pitman and Sons, Ltd., are a novel by a new writer called "The Separatist," a volume of "Moving Memories" by a late King's messenger, under the title of "On the Queen's Errands"; a book of Art criticism by Mr. Frederick Wedmore, which he has named "Whistler and Others"; and a volume of new extracts from the sermons and manuscripts of Mr. Stopford Brooke, entitled "The Life Superlative."

Among Mr. Fisher Unwin's announcements for this month is "Haeckel: His Life and Work," by Wilhelm Bölsche, with an introduction and supplementary chapter by the translator, Joseph McCabe. Professor Bölsche is well known in Germany both as scientist and poet. The translator has added a full account of Haeckel's experiences and achievements during the past ten years, and the book should prove an adequate study of the work and character of the "Darwin of Germany."—Mr. Percy Fitzgerald's biography of Sir Henry Irving is promised at an early date, and Mr. Unwin will publish during the month "Aristotle's Theory of Conduct" by Thomas Marshall. The book is intended to bring Aristotle's Ethics to the notice of English readers. It contains a general introduction, separate introductions to the several chapters, followed by explanatory remarks and a paraphrase of the greater part of the text. As an adjunct to more elaborate commentaries, it will be useful to students of the Ethics, giving as it does within a reasonable compass a somewhat full conspectus of Aristotle's theory. References, definitions, and important passages are given or transcribed in the notes at the foot of each page. The exposition of the scope of the Ethics in the introduction will enable the general reader to appreciate Aristotle's celebrated treatise.—The same publisher has almost ready a novel by Mr. Archibald Little, "A Millionaire's Courtship," which is frankly farcical.

Messrs. Blackwood have in preparation, and will publish

some time in March a new book on Fontenoy: "Fontenoy, and Great Britain's Share in the War of the Austrian Succession." It is written by Mr. Francis Henry Skrine, the author of "The Expansion of Russia."—Mr. A. T. Quiller-Couch is writing the "George Eliot," in Messrs. Blackwood's Modern English Writers series. The book will be published some time in the spring.

Mr. Andrew Lang has just completed a Life of Joan of Arc to be included in a new series entitled "The Children's Heroes," which Messrs. Jack are about to publish. The volumes, of which fifteen are already in active preparation, are on similar lines to their "Told to the Children" Series, several new volumes of which are on the eve of issue.

On March 15, Messrs. Methuen will publish a new Life of Sir Walter Scott by G. le G. Norgate. The book treats of Sir Walter both as man and as author and is in many respects different from former biographies. Whilst Lockhart's great work, the "Letters" and the "Journal" have been freely utilised, particulars have been drawn not merely from contemporary writers, but from memorials and recollections only given to the world in recent years. Abbotsford and the Scott country have been specially visited, and interesting details are given as to their condition at the present time. The aim has been to produce a thoroughly popular, readable book, and thus, although due place has been given to critical commentary, this has not been done at the expense of other phases. In the volume, the publishers claim, are collected fresh facts about Scott not to be found elsewhere. Particular attention has been paid to the illustrations, and there is to be a monograph on Scott as a lawyer by Francis Watt.

Mr. John Lane will publish on March 6 "Hauntings": fantastic stories by Vernon Lee, the author of "The Enchanted Woods," "Hortus Vitae" and "The Spirit of Rome."—On the same day Mr. Lane will publish "The Boyhood and Youth of Napoleon I," by Oscar Browning, in The Crown Library.

A new volume in the Memorials of the Counties of England Series—"Hampshire"—will be issued in a few days by Messrs. Bemrose. It is edited by the Rev. G. E. Jeans, and among the contributors are Mrs. Willingham Rawnsley, Lady Cope, Mr. Horace Hutchinson, and other writers.

Mr. C. F. A. Voysey has nearly ready for publication with Mr. Elkin Mathews "Reason as a Basis of Art." This slim little brochure is written with an endeavour to show that the only enduring formation of art must be the reason, conscience and love of man, and that sensuous feeling alone is untrustworthy, because, ignoring the reason, it leads to narrowness of sympathy and understanding. Art being an expression of thought and feeling, it must follow that the human character is the most important factor in its composition.

Mr. E. Marston has in the press a new volume to be called "Fishing for Pleasure, and Catching It." The book will contain an account of his various angling excursions in different parts of the country, described in fourteen chapters, to which are added two chapters on "Salmon and Trout Fishing in North Wales," by R. B. Marston; it will be published by Mr. T. Werner Laurie.

"Some Reminiscences" by William M. Rossetti, will be published in two volumes early in the autumn. The book contains a complete record of the Rossetti family and of the pre-Raphaelite movement, with many interesting facts and illustrations hitherto unpublished.

## CORRESPONDENCE

### TOTEM NAMES

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I am much obliged to Mr. Crook for suggesting objections to my theory of the origin of Totemism. To make objections is to collaborate in the search for truth. Of course I cannot tell whether or not savages held their present high opinion of animals and all other objects in nature, when, on my theory, they "blazoned" neighbouring

groups with names derived from such objects. Nor do I know at all when the European or ancient Israelite village sobriquets were given: I only learned that they "were very old, and people seemed not to like to talk about them" in Cornwall. Mr. Spencer tells us that the blacks are also shy of talking about their totems, and very averse to telling all. Thus I cannot say whether the animal names of groups, in early Israel, Cornwall or Australia, were originally regarded as derisive or not. I do know that the names of Siouan groups (non-Totemic) were often derisive, yet were accepted. I gave my evidence to the facts, evidence as old as 1850 (Grinnell: "Blackfoot Lodge Tales," pp. 208, 225). I also gave such derisive clan-names as "wry nose," "wry mouth" (Cameron, Campbell). These names were not complimentary, but is any one ashamed of being a Cameron or a Campbell? The totem names I suppose to have been originally distinctive, but even if they were also derisive in intention, after being accepted they ceased to be derisive among savages, for they were universal. I prove that among the Bakuena tribes, tribal names which the natives assert to have been given in derision, are now honourable (Bleek MSS. 120, "Secret of the Totem," pp. 25, 26). The natives see no difficulty in the matter. It is enough for my argument that names, even when certainly derisive, have been accepted and glorified in by their bearers.

I specially guarded against being supposed to hold that, in pristine days, the superstitions about names were already developed, so that to give to a man or group the name of an animal was to put him under that animal's protection. I said: "It would appear that this superstition as to names is later than the first giving of animal names to groups" (p. 122). Even savages do not think all round a subject, so that, even if to give a group an animal name was to give it an animal ally (which, at so remote an age, is unlikely), the name might be given.

St. Andrews, February 26.

ANDREW LANG.

## HEROIC ROMANCES OF IRELAND

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In the kind notice that appears of "Heroic Romances of Ireland" in this week's ACADEMY your reviewer quarrels with my inconsistency shown by translating some tales in a non-Irish form, while refusing to make small alterations in others. May I be allowed to make my object clearer than I seem to have done in the preface to the volume?

The intention of the translations was to reproduce the stories and the ideas of the authors exactly; and, so far as another language would permit it, to reproduce the literary effects aimed at by the old Irish forms. The works are of very different characters, and it seemed to me that these effects could in the case of some tales be reproduced in English by adherence to the original forms, and in others they could not be so reproduced. Short prose pieces appear to be of the latter character, and for this reason they were reproduced in the ballad form; those which are given in vol. i. seemed to be more capable of reproduction, but these, although in the Irish form of prose and verse, are not literal translations, the difference can be seen by comparing vol. ii. pp. 151-161 with vol. i. pp. 27-32. The Irish metres have been kept, where they seemed to give to an English ear the effect intended by the sense; but in other cases, especially in songs of triumph, non-Irish metres were thought to be more suitable. Similarly in the prose, strings of sharply contrasting substantives have been replaced by adjectives, and occasionally by verbs; but it was intended to insert and to omit no idea which the original did not convey or imply.

Such insertions as I have made were meant to bring out a meaning that the occasionally elliptical style of the original writer left vague: the insertion mentioned by your reviewer is a case of this; and in this I admit that, as your reviewer plainly thinks, I may have gone too far. In the Irish, twelve men are represented as dying at the sound of the music of fairy harpers. An account of the birth of these harpers is then given, ending with a prophecy (thirty lines farther on) that men would die at the sound of the music that they played. I think that the author intended the deaths and the prophecy to be connected, though he does not say so; and in order to bring out the connection I inserted the prophecy twice, once when it was given, once when it was fulfilled. I have made a few similar insertions, but in each case the insertion is to make the author's meaning clear, not to introduce new ideas.

The object of the series is, as stated in the preface to the first volume of the Irish Saga Library, "not to prepare literal versions for the use of scholars, but to reproduce Irish tales in such English forms as might interest English readers, keeping, however, as near as possible to the sense and form of the Irish" (page xxi.). I hope that this explanation may absolve the book from the charge of inconsistency.

A. H. LEAHY.

February 27.

May I take this opportunity to ask such readers of the ACADEMY as may possess a copy of "Heroic Romances" to note the following corrections, which Professor Kuno Meyer has been good enough to send to me. I fear that, judging from the lack of general interest in previously published Irish works, there will be no opportunity of inserting the corrections in a second edition:

Vol. ii. page 154, line 23, *allá sin* should be "on that very day," not "in that very place" (which is *alla sin*). The error came from the omission of the accent in the transcript as first made.

Page 155, line 15, *is bary sobarvche folt and*, "hair there is the topmost bloom of the primrose," *bary* is summit of anything, not only top of head.

Page 155, line 17, *co ind* "to finger-tips," not "to head"; *ind* is an extremity. In this case the finger-tips, not the head, seem to be indicated.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Whilst thanking the friendly reviewer of Professor Leahy's "Heroic Romances of Ireland," I should like to enter a plea against some of his judgments. He considers that the plan adopted in vol. ii. of rendering into verse stories which in the original are in prose "robs the Irish Saga Library of the value it might have possessed for scholars." Seeing that he himself notes the fact that Professor Leahy has also printed a "literal translation" of these stories, it is difficult to understand your reviewer's position. What the scholar *does* want is the "literal translation," but surely if a book contains this it is not deprived of value for him because it contains something else which he may or may not want. Since when has supererogation been deemed equivalent to deprivation?

Professor Leahy has duly noted (p. 164) the Egerton MS. substitution of *Eocho Fedlech* for *Eochaid Airemm*. Both Professor Leahy and I held it would be inadvisable to tacitly make the change. I think most Celtic scholars will be of our opinion.

I venture to dissent from your reviewer's suggestion, thrown out in reference to Aubrey de Vere's "Foray of Queen Meave," whether Professor Leahy's scholarship "has not been wasted." Fine prose as the "Foray" is, it falls utterly in my opinion in producing anything like the effect of the original. I don't think Aubrey de Vere had any such intention—if he had he certainly failed. What the student of literature, who is not an Irish philologist, requires, and what he is entitled to require, is a version faithful as far as possible to the spirit as well as to the form of the original. He wants to know what Irish literature of the 8th–12th centuries is, not what it may possibly suggest to men of the nineteenth century. He does not require a crib, nor a text translated on the principle of *qu'est ce que c'est que cela*—what is that which that is what that—a principle upon which some versions from the Irish have been made. But he does want the form of the original, however imperfect that form may be. Professor Leahy has essayed to meet the requirements alike of the student of subject-matter (which includes the literary form) and of the language. It is hardly fair to suggest that the latter alone will be attracted by his labours.

May I refer to another matter which is essentially as well as superficially cognate to the study of Irish literature. Most of the latter is anonymous, and its study has to proceed largely upon lines laid down by the "higher criticism" of the last sixty years. An excellent opportunity now offers of testing the methods and validity of this method of investigation. The late Mr. William Sharp has left a not inconsiderable body of work to which he signed his own name; he is also stated to have written the works issued under the name of "Fiona Macleod." With the latter I am fairly familiar, with the former slightly so. My knowledge certainly would not warrant any dogmatism on my part. Yet I am bound to say that if six months ago I had been asked my opinion, I should have rejected Mr. Sharp's authorship of the "Fiona Macleod" works on the ground of fundamental dissimilarity of form and style, using these two terms in their widest acceptance. I should not have claimed for my opinion that it was the result of special critical research, but simply of that instinct which is generally acquired by the practice of critical study generally. One gets to "feel" whether a thing is possible or not, though it by no means follows that this feeling is invariably justified by subsequent investigation.

I should like to see an exhaustive examination of both bodies of work undertaken by some one thoroughly familiar with the methods of modern philological criticism and thoroughly competent to apply them. The result could not fail to throw light upon a method of investigation which is being freely applied to archaic, classical, and mediæval literature and used to sustain the very far-reaching consequences.

ALFRED NUTT.

BERNARD SHAW—PLAGIARIST

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Some few days ago a sister of mine went with some friends to the Court Theatre to see Mr. Bernard Shaw's play, *Major Barbara*. My sister told me it was "very fine and very clever," but that she and her party "nearly exploded" when one of the characters said, "You call yourself a gentleman," and the other answered, "I never called myself a gentleman!" I was hitherto unaware that this passage occurs in Mr. Shaw's play. I have never seen it; in fact, I have not visited a theatre for years. But I am not a little indignant with Mr. Bernard Shaw for coolly cribbing an excellent joke from another person, and incorporating it into one of his plays, thus leading people to suppose that the jest is his own. Or will Mr. Shaw pretend that this is merely a coincidence, and that he was ignorant of the existence of my recently published volume of letters to the Press, entitled "Truth, Wit, and Wisdom," where, in Letter 303, I relate an instance of the rudeness of a London cabman, who, without the slightest provocation, once bawled out to me, "And you call yourself a gentleman?" upon which I instantly replied, "I never called myself a gentleman!" Imitation is certainly the sincerest form of flattery, but I am really surprised at Mr. Bernard Shaw, who is considered to be a man of some

originality and imagination, but yet does not scruple to pick up his jokes from other sources.

ALGERNON ASHTON.

[We publish this letter in the hope that Mr. Shaw will reply to the serious allegation it contains.—ED.]

"SIX-SHILLING" NOVELS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—May I draw attention to what seems to me to be an unfair method, apparently on the increase with some publishers? That is the issuing of novels at a uniform price of 6s., irrespective of quality or contents. I have before me an example of this in three books just issued:

(a) Beatrice Harraden, "Scholar's Daughter," ordinary cloth, cut edges, 284 pp., about 6532 lines;

(b) Maxwell Gray, "The Great Refusal," ordinary cloth, cut edges, 381 pp., about 13,716 lines;

(c) Eden Phillpotts, "The Portreeve," ordinary cloth, cut edges, 364 pp., about 14,560 lines.

To assume that the first-named writer is equal to either of the others is a proposition that few would affirm—but the publishers practically go much further, as they ask the public to pay the same price for 6000 lines of Miss Harraden's writing as for 14,000 lines of Mr. Eden Phillpotts's.

If books like "The Portreeve" and "The Great Refusal" can be sold at 6s., then 3s. 6d. is the outside charge that should be made for books like the "Scholar's Daughter."

H. J.

SHELLEY AND EASTERN POETS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I have been reading with great interest the discussion going on about Shelley in the ACADEMY. It is true no doubt that perfect phrases which linger in the memory of the reader for ever and ever may not be found abundantly in Shelley's poetry. He was not an artist in the sense in which Shakespeare or Wordsworth or Tennyson were artists. His poetry "was not an art but an inspiration." He never desired to be a phrase-monger or a platitude-polisher like most poets. He was possessed with divine frenzy and his poetry flowed out of him with spontaneous melody. Obedient to the will of the Spirit of Beauty, he sang as no western poet has sung with the unconscious fervour of a bard.

It is not phrase-coining but a sustained continuity of impassioned utterance that makes the true poet. Has any English poet written lines where so many exquisite images half-bursting from their shells are seen together in such suggestive groups?

"My soul is an enchanted boat

Which like a sleeping swan doth float

Upon the silver waves of thy sweet singing."

Has any European poet expressed the thrilling influence of beauty on human soul in such words?

"And in the soul a wild odour is felt."

Shelley lived in an atmosphere of rarefied ecstasy like Hafiz and Jelaludin Rumi, the great Sufi poets of Persia, whose doctrines of love and beauty bore a close resemblance to his own doctrines. It is only in this atmosphere that the highest poetry is born out of the harmonious commingling of soul and senses. It is this life of his in regions of perpetual rapture, the spontaneity of his verse, the fervour of his imagination, the melody of his thoughts, the originality of his symbols that entitle him to be ranked as one of the greatest poets, not of England or of Europe, but of the whole world.

V. B. MEHTA.

Bombay, February 10.

A CONSENSUS OF OPINION

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—May I again trespass on your space respecting the resumed Wordsworth and Shelley correspondence in present issue? The claim to be a "Student of Literature" is so all-inclusive, that one feels sorry there should be a limitation in your correspondent's studies, excluding Wordsworth. In impartial and exhaustive study, one realises the necessary inclusion of many barren names; but that against Wordsworth should be made the sweeping accusation of the dreary pages of the "Prelude," must be due to the prejudice of non-acquaintance. Innumerable are the lovers of Wordsworth who, like George Eliot, have made him also a sort of inspired text-book, as witness her frequent quotations and one memorable allusion to that "immortal phrase" in the "Prelude":

There is

One great society alone on earth:

The noble living and the noble dead.

Not only Coleridge (as referred to by Mr. Fovargue) but many other acknowledged critics, including Hazlitt and Lamb—who only laughed at Wordsworth because they loved him—attribute the inspiration of genius to his many "unforgettable lines" of which the "Prelude" is as "a sky, sown thick with stars." Hazlitt says of Wordsworth's poetry: "It has to me something of the effect that arises from the turning up of the fresh soil, or of the first welcome breath of spring." Coleridge: "That his [Wordsworth's] soul seems to inhabit the

universe like a palace and to discover truth by intuition." The author of "Elizabeth and her German Garden" confesses that she always carries the "Prelude" in her pocket for recreative reading during a holiday, though she admits, with laughing toleration, that some parts of it are stodgy. So, also, are too many parts of the "Ring and the Book," "The Revolt of Islam," and even occasional parts of the "Fairy Queen" and "Paradise Lost." But the fascination of discovering hidden gold in poetic deserts even, is reward enough to any prospecting student, and what an admirable foil are the stodgy parts to those luminous passages throughout the "Prelude," and notably, amongst many notable, those which describe "Childhood and School-time," beginning,

Wisdom and Spirit of the universe!  
Thou Soul, that art the Eternity of thought!

The "Ecclesiastical Sonnets" are perhaps as mistaken an elongation as is that persistent reiteration of a sordid police report, called "The Ring and the Book"; but they are, at any rate, coherent and contain some purple patches and many "unforgettable lines," as in "Canute," "Mutability," "Cathedrals," "Ejaculation." I have refrained from a wealth of quotation, because I dare not further trespass.

EASTWOOD KIDSON.

February 24.

## BOOKS RECEIVED

### ART.

Caffin, Charles H. *How to study Pictures*. 9x6½. Pp. 16, 513. Hodder & Stoughton. 10s. 6d. net.

[By an American critic and lecturer. The system of study is "by means of a series of comparisons of paintings and painters from Cimabue to Monet, with historical and biographical summaries and appreciations of the painters' motives and methods." So far as we have examined it, it seems to be an admirable book for beginners. Mr. Caffin takes fifty-six principal painters of different countries, treats them chronologically and side by side and pays full attention to the historical point of view. There is a full-page illustration of one work by each artist. There is a very full and valuable index.]

Giovanni Bellini. 9½x7. Pp. xxii, 64. Newnes's Art Library, 3s. 6d. net.

[Mr. Everard Meynell contributes a sound and interesting biographical note on the great Venetian religious artist. Then follows a list of the principal of his undoubted works, in chronological order based mainly on the evidence of development of style. Then come sixty-four of the beautiful full-page reproductions in black and white which have all the excellence of selection and execution for which we never look to this admirable series in vain. They include the *Peter Martyr* in the National Gallery, the *Portrait of the Artist* in the Uffizi, and the *Portrait of a Man* in the Naples Museum, three pictures of which the ascription is not absolutely certain. The frontispiece is a fine photogravure of the *Madonna with the Sleeping Child* in the Venice Academy.]

### BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS.

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Berthe, Austin. *Life of St. Alphonsus de Liguori*, Bishop and Doctor of the Church, Founder of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer. Edited in English by Harold Castle. Illustrated. In two vols. Each 10½x6½. Pp. xiv, 1685. Dublin: Duffy.

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Henry Sidgwick: a memoir. By Arthur Sidgwick and Eleanor Mildred Sidgwick. 9x5½. Pp. 633. Macmillan, 12s. 6d. net. (See p. 198.)

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Bradly, G. F. *Dick*, a story without a plot. 7½x5½. Pp. 191. Smith, Elder. (See p. 203.)

### HISTORY.

Ancient Records of Egypt. *Historical Documents from the Earliest Times to the Persian Conquest*, collected, edited and translated with commentary by James Henry Breasted. Vol. i. *The First to the Seventeenth Dynasties*. 9½x6½. Pp. xlii, 344. Chicago: the University of Chicago Press. London: Luzac. \$3.00 net.

[This is a volume in the University of Chicago's admirable Ancient Records Series, under the general editorship of Professor W. R. Harper. In the volume before us Professor Breasted gives essays on the documentary sources of Egyptian History and on Chronology with a Chronological Table, and then translates, with footnotes, the documents themselves.

*Archivio per lo studio delle Tradizioni Popolari*, Rivista Trimestrale, diretta da G. Pitrè e S. Salomone-Marino. Vol. xxii. Fasc. iv. 9½x6½. Pp. 130. Turin: Clausen.

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